

2
5/86

THE

Humour of the Age.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*

B Y

His Majesty's Servants.

—Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audiendi semper fuit aqua potestas.

by Tho. Baker

Hor. de Art. Poet.

L O N D O N ,

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St. Paul's Church-yard; and B. Bernard Lintott, at the *Post-House*,
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THE

High & Low of Human
Nature

BY JAMES

AN ENGLISHMAN



Right Honourable

CHARLES

Lord *HALLIFAX, &c.*

My LORD,

THE only Excuse I can have for laying so incorrect a Trifle before so nice a Judge, is the Character of your Lordship's Generous Temper in Countenancing even the Attempts of Ingenuity.

Tis the first Essay of a Young Author, that has but just reach'd the Twenty First Year

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Year of his Age, and the Product of Two Months Retirement last Summer at a Private Village, where, having not the Opportunity of any Conversation, I thought I cou'd not employ my time better: But if some Friends, who afterwards read it, had not preferr'd it to my own Opinion, I had never appear'd in Publick.

For, a Man that thinks, in this Age, to raise his Credit by Writing, exposes his Sense by so hazardous an Enterprize, he may as well expect to raise his Means by buying Stock when 'tis got to the highest Value; for Sense and Wit are as much out of Fashion, as Knavery and Hypocrisie are in: And, were it not for a few such great Patterns as Your Lordship, 'twou'd be a difficult matter to support their Declining Heads.

The greatest Enemies to Poetry, I take to be some of the Graver sort, who affect Virtue and Morality, as much as they affect Wisdom; that bustle mightily for Reformation, and wou'd fain attone their own Crimes, by suppressing the Vices of others, which they have

no

The Epistle Dedicatory.

no Pleasure in their taking : Such indeed may very well discourage Poets, knowing themselves Substantial Characters, and may justly fear being drawn. I wou'd not excuse any Immorality the Stage is Guilty of ; but when Men show so much Spleen, as to exclaim against a Play, without considering whether the Moral of it be Virtuous or Vicious, but because it is a Play, an Author has not Justice done him ; and he that thinks to please those whose Passions are above Reason, ought to study some nicer Argument than has been ever yet heard of, and what I can't pretend to.

There are others that run mightily upon the Gentility of the matter, and say, Poetry is scandalous to a Gentleman. I must confess, to write a sensible, witty thing, is not the Character of a modern Gentleman. But I believe such Pretenders are rather afraid Poetry shou'd grow more in Fashion, and that Writing a Play should become as Essential a Quality to compleat a Gentleman, as keeping a Mistress, whereby a great many wou'd forfeit that Ornament for want of Capacity.

Poetry

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Poetry is as pretty an Accomplishment as a Man can be Master of, when 'tis us'd as a Diversion, not a Busines. Dramatick Poetry is the most commendable, because 'tis the most difficult; for he that pretends to that, must be well vers'd in the different Humours of Mankind, and know how to draw a Man of Sense as well as a Fool. But I ought not to enlarge on the Qualifications for Dramatick Poetry, when I'm to give Your Lordship and the World a Sample of that kind my self, lest I should prove defective in the Practice of what I aim to understand.

I must own my self oblig'd to the Town for the extraordinary Reception this Rough Draught met with; tho' I attribute it to Fortune, and not Merit; and ought not to build any Vanity upon so uncertain a Foundation, when I consider how many better Plays have miscarried, and that 'tis meerly Fancy sways an Audience.

But if your Lordship, whose Wit, Judgment and Temper all admire, will think it worth your Perusal, and judge so favourably

The Epistle Dedicatory.

favourably of it, as to allow it shows any thing of a Genius, 'twill satisfie the Height of my Ambition. I hope your Lordship will pardon this Presumption, the Design of which is only to show how much I am

My L O R D,

Your Lordship's most Devoted

Humble Servant.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

Poets pretend, they'd fain your Hearts engage,
But want new Fools to furnish out the Stage ;
And that, methinks, is odd, this fruitful Age. }
I rather think, such Poets are but Tools,
And want true Skill to copy out new Fools ;
For tho' a Man, most Days, some new Fool sees,
He must have Wit that draws that Fool to please.
Writing's a pleasing Itch few can refrain,
Where Nature has bestow'd a fertile Brain ;
And when we find our Genius entertains,
Applause does more than doubly pay our pains.
But yet your Taxis so strange of late we find,
New Authors have small hopes to prove you kind.
Now 'tis not Sense, and Wit best entertains,
Nor what's writ most by Rule, most Favour gains : }
But he that has most Whimsies in his Brains.
For the French Modes are so much our Disease,
That ev'n a Play must be Ragou to please ;
Therefore this Poet to secure his own,
Seeing the various Humours of the Town, }
Has got some Fancy to please every one.
To gain the Court, he calls the City, Fools,
To please the Citts, the Court he redicules ;
To win the Beaux, that nice i'th' Box appear,
He laughs at Gall'ry Things that Ape an Air,
The Men of Sense, there due Respect he shows,
And to divert their Spleen, presents the Beaus ; }

In

In short, there's not one Fool in all this Town,
But is by Character, or Satyr, shown.
In my Mind, he has politickly done : }
For finding how much Gall moves one another,
He has abus'd you all, to please each other ;
'Tis hard to please----Let me dispair, if this,
A Play with such Variety, shou'd miss.

The **Dramatis**
The **GENE** A **Twain-Ho**
The **Twain-Ho** from the **Twain-Ho** in the **Mourning**
THE

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Freeman,</i>	A Gentleman of an Estate, some- what Studious, and averse to	Mr. Toms.
	Marriage.	
<i>Wilson,</i>	His Friend and Companion, in	Mr. Mills.
	Love with <i>Lucia</i> .	
<i>Railton,</i>	A Gentleman cheated of his E- state, and rails at all Mankind.	Mr. Wilks.
<i>Justice Goose,</i>	A Middlesex Justice of Peace, that lives by Extortion and	Mr. Johnson.
	Connivance.	
<i>Quibble</i> and <i>Pun.</i> -	Impertinents of the Law, the first a Pretender to <i>Lucia</i> .	Mr. Bullock. Mr. Penkethman.

W O M E N.

<i>Tremilia,</i>	A young, handsom, civiliz'd Quaker, attempted to be de-	Mrs. Rogers.
	bauch'd by <i>Railton</i> .	
<i>Lucia,</i>	An Airy Lady, of a Good For- tune.	Mrs. Verbruggen
<i>Miranda,</i>	Formerly kept by <i>Railton</i> , pas- ses for his Relation.	
<i>Pert.</i>	Maid to <i>Lucia</i> .	-Mrs. Moor.

~~21 JUN 1811~~ *Confidables.* People brought before the Justice, two Fools
of the Clubb, a Mask, Singers, Dancers, and other At-
tendants.

The Grand SCENE, *A Boarding-House.*

Time Twelve Hours, from about Ten in the Morning.

THE

THE
Humour of the AGE.

ACT I. SCENE I. A Garden.

Enter Freeman with a Book.

Free. **D**ivine *Horace*!

Thou lasting Pattern of a generous Soul,
How noble are thy Thoughts, how charming thy
Expressions!

Thy Rules are exemplary, yet inimitable,
And the vain World blushes at thy Greatness:
Cou'd Learning in this Age like thee excell,
Had Statesmen but thy Eloquence, and nervous Sense,
Poets thy Fancy, and unerring Skill,
And all Mankind thy sociable Nature,
In what Harmonious Order shou'd we move?

Enter Wilson.

Wilson. Studious *Freeman*—— What art thou breakfasting
upon this Morning, *Will? Horace*—— He was a brave Fellow,
faith, and lov'd his Bottle, and his Mistress as well as the
present Poets.

Freeman. But not so excessively, *Ned*, to destroy his Facul-
ties, like the present Poets; *Bacchus* elevated his Wit, and

Lydia made him write more passionately of Love. Wine, and Women with our Poets serve only to drown Fancy, and render 'em more stupid.

Wilson. I must confess our present Poetry is very flat, yet never, so plentiful; but I rather believe it proceeds from natural Dulness than Debauchery; Poverty and Conceit have made half the Town turn Poets, tho' the greatest part of 'em are more proper for Characters; they are like Drones, that buzzing about the Town, represent Bees, but want their Stings, and the Bays as ill becomes their Brows, as an Ornament of State does a Lubberly Citizen.

Freeman. The negligence of the Age, *Ned*, discourages Men of Parts to write: He that writes true Wit, is proud of his Performance, and consequently vex'd to have Sense repeated to a trifling Audience, that slight it for the impertinent rattling of a Vizor-mask; besides Mens Judgments are mightily decay'd, and their weakness makes 'em condemn what's beyond their Apprehension. Every Age declines, and where formerly a Man of Learning was scatter'd here, and there, 'tis now reckon'd a Happiness to meet with reasonable Conversation.

Wilson. And yet every one pretends to Wit.

Freeman. That's a Disease, which, like the Itch, Society spreads, and nothing but Experience cures; Conceit, like Wind, has seiz'd the empty Head, and Men convulsively strive to utter what they want a Fund of Brains to yeild: Wit, at the best, is but a sounding Production, which like Rime, or Musick, flashes the Ear, but pierces not the Understanding: But modern Wit has not that force, Illiterature makes it Discord, and want of Judgment improperly and prejudicially apply'd--- The Courtier puns upon his Prince, and is kick'd out of his Place. The Poet wittily characterizes his Relations, and loses an Estate. The pert *Terra filius*, at the University, thinks it dishonourable, if he is not expell'd the Colledge for abusing the Vice Chancellours. And the new fashion Citizen, that's more Beau than Tradesmen, will rather affront his Customers, than stifle a Jest, to lose the Reputation of a Wit.

Wilson.

Wilson. Nay, the Disease has seiz'd the Old too, as well as the Young; *The Judge puns upon the Bench; The Parson is witty in the Pulpit; and the Alderman that's grown merrily dull in his old Age, breaks Jests at the Wardmote-Feast*, to be thought witty by the Constables and Beadles.

Freeman. Some are so diseas'd with Wit, and yet so barren of Subject, they even ridicule their own Professions; others quite frenzical beyond the Power of Physick, and their own Skill, rail at Wit it self.

Wilson. At other Folks Wit I grant you, *Will*; that's true natural Satyr; but for a Man to rail at his own Wit, wou'd be the most convulsive Strain I ever heard of.

Freeman. No Ned, the same Vanity that furnishes Satyr against another, provides Panygerick for one's self; and the most despicable Beau, whose Understanding lies only in the twisting of a Neckcloath, that was never brought up to write, and read, and is forc'd to set his Mark to Receipts of his Estate, has nevertheless a very good Opinion of his own Parts: But if you are satyrically inclin'd, here's *Railton* will divert you, an Original of Scandal.

Wilson. Poor *Jack*, I pity him; he has true Wit, and good Humour; but the general Abuses he has met with, makes him Rail, and his open Diffidence of all Mankind, shows himself honest.

Ester Railton in a Night-Gown.

Railton, Freeman, and Wilson dreft already; sure, Gentlemen, you were at some damn'd Presbyterian Club last Night that spend Nine-Pence a-piece, and disperse by Eight a Clock.

Freeman. Tho' we keep ill Hours in your Company, *Jack*, twou'd not be reputable to do so always.

Railton. Reputation's a Jest--- What have Men of Estates to do with Reputation. Let those value the World's Censure, who want it's Assistance. A Gentleman ought to be free, careless, and good Company.

Wilson. But a Man may enjoy his Bottle and his Friend without debauching himself.

Railton. What like Church-Wardens at a Vestry, that content themselves with a broken Bottle the Parson left on Sunday. Prithee be not so affected, the first Bottle, like the first enjoyment of a Mistress, serves but to whet one's Appetite for a second : No, no, whilst *Rino* lasts, I'll never limit my Inclinations ; and let those senseless Fools preach up Sobriety, who know not the pleasure of a Debauch ; but Hypocrisie has spoil'd all good Fellowship, Faith ; formerly there were seasons assign'd, when a Man might take his Glass freely. The Hospitable Country Gentleman kept open House at *Christmas*, and all the Parish were Drunk without Scandal. Country Justices at a Quarter Sessions, and Aldermen at a City Feast, were openly as merry as their Officers ; but now the World's so nice in it's Debaucherries, they are all perform'd in private ; and the Godly never go to Taverns, but yet get Drunk every Night at one another's Houses. The Town's grown so great an Enemy to all publick Bowzings, that 'tis scandalous now to be Drunk even at the *Parson's-Son's-Feast*.

Free. 'Tis a sign the World's reforming, when Men conceal their Vices.

Railton. Not at all, *Will* ; for since the alteration of the Age makes 'em ashame to be publickly Vicious, privately they are more excessive—— The World's a perfect Masquerade both in Pleasure, and Busines ; every Man appears like a *Sodom-Apple*, fair to the Sight, but rotten at the Core ; and if the Town affords such a Monster as an honest Man, he ought to have more Eyes than *Argus* to guard himself ; Dissimulation is a Varnish to most Men's Actions, and if they can but cheat the Publick with a glossy Outside, their obliging Consciences will let 'em do any thing privately for their Interests. A Man in publick Trust now and then performs one Action with the nicest Puncilio of Honour imaginable, that he may the more unsuspected play forty knavish ones ; ---- and others, when their Knavery's discover'd, have the knack of seering a crack'd Reputation with publick Charities, and great Treats. ---- The

Trades-

Tradesman is at great pains to bawl out his Religion, and Honesty in every Coffee-House, which no body thought worth asking after, and subscribes mightily to Lectures, that his little Cheats may pass for Over-sights, --- and an Alderman once pass'd the Chair is as Honest as if he had never got his Estate by Smuggling, and Extortion.

Wilson. The Town, I must own, *Jack*, is inexcusable; but 'twould be uncharitable to judge it so universally infamous as you represent it.

Railton. You are like a Gamester *Ned*, nothing but personal Grievance can convince you of the deceit; I have sufficiently experienc'd it, and can speak demonstratively. --- My Relations have cheated me of my Estate in Land, --- and in pursuit of that, Lawyers have bubbl'd me out of all my Money. --- My Friends, whom in Prosperity I oblig'd, in Adversity forsook me, --- and when I turn'd Soldier, and fought courageously for my Country, I was ungratefully defrauded of my Pay; --- in short, Those whom I ever convers'd with have all prov'd false to me, and I have reason to believe most Men Knaves, because I never found any otherwise. But here comes old *Goose*, that ferreting, Rat-catching *Middlesex* Justice, that's as much fear'd by all the Strumpets, and Pick-Pockets about Town, as Church-Wardens are by a City Vintner in Sermon-time, when his House is full of Prentices.

Enter *Justice Goose* and a Servant loaded with Books.

Just. Goose. Carry the Statute Books into the Arbour, I must search for an Act or two. [Exit Servant.]

Railton. Good Morrow Mr. Justice, you are very busie this Morning with your Acts of Parliament I see, but I fancy 'tis rather how to evade 'em than put 'em in Practice.

Just. Goose. No, no, Mr. *Railton*, 'tis we that execute 'em against such lewd Rioting Sparks as you, that every day study to evade 'em.

Railton. I must confess, Mr. Justice, you are mighty vigorous in observing the Laws, when nothing's to be got by breach

breach of 'em, but a good round Fee wou'd make you swallow an Act as glib as a Custard at the Sessions House Dinner. You that are the Ministers of the Law use an Act ten times more scurvily than those 'tis made against. We avoid it only to enjoy our Pleasures; you make a Property of it, and for Interest will strain it to a thousand Meanings, contrary to its real Sense; tho' you prepar'd it your self; I have seen a brace of Lawyers well daub'd, tug and hawl at the explanation of a Sentence which has been nothing to the purpose, snarling, and biting like a couple of Dogs at a bare Bone, till they have made the Act about Lunaticks and Idiots, applicable to the Court of Aldermen; and that against Squibs, and Crackers, to signifie the suppressing lewd Houses.

Just. Goose. You Libertines, Mr. Railton, are very brisk upon our Laws, but thou'd we once get hold of you for a Misdemeanour, your Wit wou'd avail you little.

Railton. Very true, Mr. Justice, therefore we'll have so much Wit to keep out of your Clutches.

Wilson. But pray, Old Gentleman, what makes you Justices so mighty severe upon the poor Doxies of the Town, that they can't exercise their Occupation freely.

Freem. I'll tell you, Ned, perhaps the Justice in his Youth met with a Fireship, which has made him hot ever since: Ha, Don, was you never in the Powdering-Tub?

Just. Goose. You are mistaken, Mr. Freeman, you judge others by your own Lewdness; the last Age was Sober and Virtuous, and not so debauch'd as this.

Railton. Why, if you had, Mr. Justice, 'twould be no Scandal at all to your Function; an old Sinner is the properest Person for a Justice of Peace; for being acquainted with the Intrigues of the Town, he knows better how to execute his Office.

Freem. The Justice understands his Place no doubt.

Just. Goose. Why, look you, Gentlemen, I don't pretend to be a Wit as you are, but I hope you'll allow me to understand the Law. is now going to make a speech, and will give it to the reader

Railton.

Railton. The more for not being a Wit; I never knew a Lawyer a Wit in my Life; Wit, and a Law are as opposite as the Elements; for the Law, you know requires a prodigious Memory. But hark ye, Justice, what may you make a Year of your Commission?

J. Goose. Make a Year of my Commission, Mr. *Railton*? Why, I hope, you don't think I use any indirect means in my Office; you don't take me to be Mercenary, do you?

Railton. No, no, no more Mercenary than a Gang of Bayliffs upon an Arrest. Had you ever your Picture drawn, Justice?

J. Goose. Yes, I have my Picture hangs up at *Hicks's-Hall*; but what then?

Railton. Why I'll give you a Paragraph to write under it. In the first Place you ferret out all the lewd Women, Pick-pockets, and other Villains of the Town, not to suppress 'em, but to extort so much a Quarter for Connivance, which, if they fail to pay, you commit 'em; and they suffer more for their Poverty than their Vice; and under pretence of Justice, you act all the most exorbitant things imaginable; when Sessions comes, you go to the *Old-Bailey*, like Cyphers, to make up a Court, and lay nothing; you sleep over Justice 'till Dinner, then devour like Hounds upon a hunting, and afterwards with two or three toping Aldermen, get drunk at free-cost. You have as much Impudence, and as little Understanding as your Brethren the Grand-Jury; no more Honour than an Irish Man, no more Honesty than a *Cheapside* Trade-man, and no more Religion than a canting Elder of a Phanatick Congregation or a Puritanical old Whore, that sits whining upon the Pulpit Stairs.

J. Goose. Let me tell you, Mr. *Railton*, you're a Saucy *Jack*; a Justice of Peace is an Honourable Representative of the Kings Person, and such scandalous, impudent, wing Coxeombs as you that abuse 'em, ought to be laid by the Heels.

[Exit *Goose* in a Passion.

Alt. Ha, ha, ha.

Railton. The old Tost's nett'd.

Wilson. Faith, *Jack*, thou wer't a little too severe upon the poor Justice.

Railton.

Railton. Not at all, *Ned*; a Knave cannot be too scurrilously abus'd. Were he a Man of Morals, he'd laugh at it; for tis only People that are touch'd grow cholorick at Satyr. He's a Pattern of the World, Gold is the general Idol, and Men of all degrees are tainted with the Itch of Gain. But to alter this Discourse? What progress, *Ned*, have you made in your Amour?

Wilson. Why Faith, *Jack*, little enough; *Lucia* is very easie of Access, and very familiar in her Discourse; but as for any other Love-Favours she hardly encourages me to hope.

Railton. She considers Marriage requires a settl'd Temper, and 'tis but prudent to try your Constancy before-hand.

Wilson. But she's so unsettl'd in her Temper, I know not how to address her; if I talk seriously of Love, she laughs at me, and tells me I look as dull as a Recorder passing Sentence, and my Discourse gives her the Spleen; and if I try to banter Love into her, she's too hard for me at Repartee; she says she admits me for a Conveniency to Squire her to Plays, Balls, and the Park; but truly she sees nothing in our Sex so taking to be in Love.

Railton. Her affected Negligence is but to discover the Heat of your Passion; and you may assure your self, when a Lady appears publickly with a Man, she does not despise him.

Wilson. But what Success have you with the pretty Quaker?

Railton. Faith, none at all yet; but I don't despair, she's a civiliz'd Quaker, that admits all the Vanities of her Sex besides Dressing; and I have therefore reason to think, like some of her Sex, she'll be a little more civiliz'd.

Wilson. I believe, *Jack*, you'll find it a difficult matter; for she seems to have Virtue.

Railton. Appearance is nothing; I'm sure she has no Fortune, and I can hardly have so ill an Opinion of her Understanding, to think she'll build any thing upon Virtue in this Age; but if she shou'd, I shan't be much concern'd; my Stomach is not fix'd upon one Dish, like yours; and if I can't have a Capon in the Pit, I must take up with a Mutton Chop

in the Eighteen-penny-Gallery: but *Freeman* here's a Woman-hater, and is neither for Marriage, nor Variety.

Freem. If you bring that Scandal upon me, I shall grow more Cholorick than the Justice, I have as great a Respect for the Sex as either of you; but Women of the Town are dangerous, and for Marriage, I doubt my constancy too much to attempt it; I wou'd not make my self uneasie, nor any Lady unhappy; Study has my Affection, and a Book affords more Variety of Charms than any Mistress.

Railt. Shou'd all Men be of your Opinion, *Will*, the Women wou'd take up Arms; but you talk illogically; no Man's Discretion Arms him so strong against Nature, but he's subdu'd one time or other.

Wilf. Shall we walk in, Gentlemen; the Ladies are come down by this time.

Freem. With all my Heart.

Railt. I'll slip on my Cloaths, and follow you instantly.

[*Exeunt Railt. one way, Fr. and Will. another.*

S C E N E II. *A Hall.*

Enter Miranda, and Tremilia.

Mira. I Admire, *Tremilia*, the decency of thy Dress, and wish Custom wou'd allow it more General.

Trem. Custom, *Miranda* is the greatest Argument of Folly, every Age ought to correct the Errors of the former, or Experience is of no improvement. The superstitious niceness of our Party is as blamable, as the exceeding Airiness of yours, which I avoid in a Medium. The Park, and the Wells are innocent Diversions, but the extravagancy of Dress is an excusable Pride. I that have no Fortune, ought not to make so great an Appearance; you that have, have no occasion for it.

Mira. All Judicious People, *Tremilia*, must be of your Opinion, but tho' many approve a good Reformation, the Ma-

lice of the Age always counts those rediculous that first usher it in.

Trem. 'Tis a sign the World's very deprav'd, when it redicules a good Example so univerſally, there's none to keep those in Countenance that set it.

Enter Lucia and Pert.

Lucia. Thou art a malicious Wench, *Pert*; yet I love thy Malice, because 'tis diverting; pray encourage the Coxcomb, 'twill make us sport.

Pert. I have sooth'd him sufficiently already, Madam; when he mention'd it, I told him his Love prov'd very Sympathetical, for I had heard you speak favourably of him.

Lucia. Rediculous--- Well, 'tis a sign the Men's Wits are reduc'd very low, when they become the Jest of our Chambermaids.

Mira. You are pleas'd this Morning, *Lucia*; pray what may occasion it.

Lucia. A Trifle, *Miranda*; one *Quibble*, a Lawyer's Clark, that lodges in this House, I ask'd him, as pass'd by me last Night, what was a Clock, and he constru'd it so generously, he has sollicited my Maid already to introduce him.

Mira. 'Tis like the Vanity of that Sex, to interpret every thing to their own Advantage, tho' meant never so contrary.

Trem. If they knew their own preposterousness, I fancy they'd hardly be so vain.

Lucia. But that's impossible, *Tremilia*; the most frightful Creatures are always the most vain; and I have seen a contemptible Dwarf Animal, more crooked and deform'd than *Aesop*, powder as high, and expose himself without the Scenes, with as much assurance, as a Person of the finest Symmetry imaginable.

Mira. And yet they blame our Sex mightily for Vanity.

Lucia. So they do one another; but every individual Coxcomb thinks his own Accomplishments beyond his Vanity; Self-love, and Malice, make a Man rail at another for those

Extrava-

Extravagancies he thinks modest Ornaments in him, and there's many a Side-Box-Beau laughs at my Lord *Foppington* upon the Stage, when he's dress'd ten times more rediculously himself.

Tremilia. And for their Understanding, I don't find they so much exceed us. A Woman is quicker at Repartee, and happier at Invention; and in a Body the Men are so very opinionated, they are always jarring, and their Councils produce nothing.

Lucia. Why truly, Ladies, 'tis more Custom than want of Capacity excludes us from businels, and gives them an impudent Dominion; and I fancy Providence, considering the dulness of the Men, allow'd them the Advantage of a more liberal Education, that Study and acquir'd Learning might make 'em equal to the Womens natural Parts.

Mira. Yet after all they are Rediculous Conveniencies a Body can't well be without.

Enter Railton, Freeman, and Wilson.

Railt. So, here's the Committee of Ladies, and my wife Cozen Chair-woman; pray, Madam, what important Affair were you debating?

Mira. Nothing of very great importance, Sir; we were talking of your Wits.

Railt. 'Tis kind, Ladies, to talk of us however, tho' I believe you were rather railing, than praising our Wit.

Lucia. You are conscious, Sir, of your own Defect, and think we can't justly allow you much.

Wilf. Rather jealous, Madam, of your good Natures, that assume all the Wit to your selves, and won't allow us what we deserve.

Trem. 'Tis pity, Sir, we shou'd rob you of your Deserts when they are so very small.

Freem. 'Tis you, Ladies, that occasion the smallness of 'em, we have Wit enough 'till we fall in Love, then you may count us Fools and mad both.

Lucia. Is Love then, Sir, a sign of madness?

Freem. Certainly, Madam, when we cringe, and court a Lady that receives our Love coldly, if after a short Reserv'dness you'd return Love for Love, then we should regain our Wits.

Lucia. But if Love, Sir, be an Argument of Madness, twou'd be too hard a Purchase to redeem your Wits with the loss of our own.

Wilf. No, Madam, Reciprocal Love is no Madness, an Agreement of the Soul stifles all disturbance.

Lucia. Cou'd we be assur'd of your Constancy, Sir, there might be somewhat in that; but to be too credulous in this Age, wou'd be no great Argument of our Wit.

Railt. Why, Madam, d'you take incredulity to be a sign of Wit?

Lucia. No, Sir, but your general inconstancy makes Credulity a Sign of Folly.

Wilf. Why truly, Ladies, I believe, that Notion of Inconstancy is occasion'd more by your Jealousie than our Guilt.

Mira. But 'twas your guilt, Sir, first created that Jealousy.

Wilf. Rather, Madam, Jealousy created the Guilt; for when a Man knows he's suspected of a Crime; he generally desires the Enjoyment, since he must endure the reproach.

Trem. But is that a Means, Sir, to cure Jealousy by actually committing a Crime you were only suspected of.

Wilf. The best, Madam; for when you see the effect of an unjust Suspition, you'll have a Care of being Jealous, lest you create a second Commission.

Trem. You go a very bad way, Sir, to heal a Wound by making a wider.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen and Ladies, the Lodgers wait.

Lucia. We'll end this Dispute at Dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

Railton. My dear, pretty Quaker, my Love's as constant—

[*Railton pulls back Tremilia.*]

Tremilia.

Tremilia. As Lightning that expires with a Flash.

Railton. But thou hast Beauty enough to feed even Inconstancy it self ; every Look, every Glance affords such an infinite Variety of Charms.

Tremilia. You are mad indeed, I think. [Struggling.

Railton. Those that can gaze on thee with Sense, discern not half thy Lustre ; such Madness is the Quintessence of Pleasure, and they that live by their Wits, wou'd part with 'em for such an Extasie of Distraction.

Tremilia. You grow outragious ; I must have a Care of Infection. [Gets from him, and Exit.

Railton. Affected Coyness feigns a feeble Course, And only strives to be subdu'd by force : Tho' Nature for some time she may Abuse, Virtue ne're flies so fast as Love pursues. [Exit.

The End of the First Act.

A G T.

A C T II. Scene continues.

Enter Railton and Justice Goose.

Rail. Come, come, Mr. Justice, Friends shou'd never quarrel about a Jest. But 'tis the Way of the World, Men can bear being flatter'd, but not degraded; which, I think, is the greater Affront.

Just. Goose. But an Abuse, Mr. Railton, is no Jest.

Railton. Nothing but meer Rallery; you know my Temper; I always allow my self a Liberty of Speech.

Just. Goose. I love a Jest over my Bottle as well as any Man; but 'tis against the Rules of Mirth and Society to jest with People present.

Railton. I am under Correction, Mr. Justice, and must confess, the true way of Jesting is upon absent People; because sometimes a Jest undesignedly proves a Truth, and that puts Company out of Humour, and spoils the circulating of the Glass: As, To call an *Alderman* Cuckold; why, 'tis highly provoking; but to tell him his Neighbour is one, makes him as merry as can be:

Just. Goose. Right: And yet one may joke with People present, without vexing 'em too: As, when we get together at *Hicks's-Hall*, a Woman perhaps is brought before us for a By-blow; why, we are witty upon one another, and cry, Brother, had not you an hand there, ha? And yet that's no Affront.

Railton. None at all, Mr. Justice; there can be no Affront in a parcel of Old Dons bantering one another about a By-blow, when they are twenty Years past getting one; and yet there's a great deal of Wit in the Jest too.

Just. Goose. Well, 'tis a great Happiness to have Wit and Judgment both. I have banter'd People even to Abuse, and yet

yet have express'd my self so wittily mysterious, they have not understood my meaning.

Railton. All Men of Parts, Mr. Justice, talk unintelligibly; and I have heard some speak so intricately fine to amuse other People's Understandings, they have said things beyond their own.

Just. Goose. But my Satirical Days are gone; and a Pun or two now and then to divert my self, serves my turn.

Railton. That's the most fashionable Wit, Mr. Justice; for most Mens Wits now-a-days please themselves better than other People.

Just. Goose. But there's one thing, Mr. *Railton*, you must oblige me in, before we are perfectly reconcil'd yet.

Railton. With all my Heart, Mr. Justice; what is it?

Just. Goose. To be my Advocate to your fair *Cozen Miranda*.

Railton. Ha! my *Couzen Miranda*! That's a difficult Task indeed: I wish you have not put me upon an Impossibility. She has Beauty, Wit, and good Fortune; and Women with those Ornaments seldom care to match so unequally.

Just. Goose. Such inconsiderate things perhaps as *Lucia* here, that's thy Counter-part at Railing, may like a Gay Coxcomb of her own Temper, that pleases her with ridiculing People, when he's a Compound of every thing that's ridiculous, himself: But I take *Miranda* to be a Lady of more Discretion.

Railton. Let me consider, Mr. Justice; I have heard her indeed blame the Weakness of some that ruine themselves by marrying young airy Spendthrifts, rather than Men of Discretion, that know how to manage their Estates: But whether so great a Disparity of Years will not be a fatal Objection, I know not.

Just. Goose. None at all, Mr. *Railton*; the older I am, the less Reason she'll have to be jealous; for I shall exhaust my Fire so much with her, there will be none left for other People.

Railt.

Railt. But, Mr. Justice, the most material Question is, whether you'll have Fire enough for her.

J. Goose. I warrant you, Mr. *Railton*, I'm as brisk, and vigorous at Fifty, as some are at Twenty; she'll have no Reason to complain.

Railt. Well, Mr. Justice, I'll promise you my Endeavours, be you but politick your self. Hark! I hear her coming down; d'you retire, and as I find her Humour, I'll propose the Matter.

J. Goose. But do't effectually, Mr. *Railton*, and tell her I am not so old as she takes me for. I only let my Beard grow a little longer than ordinary, that I may look wise upon the Bench. [Exit.]

Railt. Ha, ha, ha, you need not doubt the Effect, old Gentleman; what Pains he takes to perswade me to do a thing, I have been above this Twelve-month contriving to bring about.

Enter *Miranda*.

Mira. So, my wise Cozen.

Railt. Cozen in Publick, my *Miranda*, but privately my Life, my Soul, and all the endearing Titles of Lovers.

Mira. Formerly, Mr. *Railton*, those Titles were most suitable to our Inclinations; but now our Indefferency may make us pass for Relations.

Railt. That I suppose is to hint the want of my usual Generosity; but the World has been too deceitful for my Happiness; yet since I cannot maintain thee like my wonted Mistress, I have taken care to provide thee a Husband with an Estate.

Mira. An Estate is an acceptable Convenience to feed the Vanities of Life, and often proves a Demonstration of Love; yet Love, the supremest Power, loses it's Prerogative when 'tis so sordidly base to be subdu'd by Gold.

Railt. Constancy, *Miranda*, to an adverse Lover, shows the highest Gratitude; but 'twou'd be brutish in me to let a Flower

Flower I have gather'd fade for want of that natural Supply I have not Power to grant ; nor cou'd I bear to see Necessity render thee a mercenary Prostitute to every loath'd Embrace. In short, our Conduct has hitherto conceal'd our Familiarity, and the old Justice here observing a wise Reserv'dness, which you have politickly intermixt with Gayity, is in love, and has sollicited me to intercede. So far the Cheat has prosper'd, and if you can but dissemble a little longer, you'll make me easy, and your self happy.

Mira. But how must I manage the Matter?

Railt. With the greatest Facility imaginable : I have already sooth'd him with a Fortune ; you are only to interweave Encouragement with Coyness, and as far as Discretion will permit, give no Delay, least a Discovery frustrate the Design.

Miranda. You need not fear my performance ; Dissimulation is the Masterpeice of our Sex, and we never exert our Faculties, but in an Intreague--- And has the old Kicks the Vanity to think any Woman of Beauty or Fortune cou'd fancy his wither'd Carcals ?

Railton. Shou'd Age make any alteration in Vanity, twou'd discountenance the Vanity of Youth, Fools are vain in all Ages, their Estates are a bait for the Poverty of Wits to catch at, and their Ignorance and Vanity give Men of Sense a greater Opportunity to exercise their Parts.

Miranda. Well, 'tis the general Fortune of us Mistresses, when you Men of conquest have robb'd us of a Woman's only Treasure, to be match'd to some superannuated Dotard to be the Garniture of a City Feast.

Railton. Most reasonable ; since 'tis a Jewel they can neither take nor miss ; a Flower that retains it's Beauty, tho' it has lost it's Fragrancy, is of the same Value to those that want the Sense of smelling. But this Room's to publick ; shou'd any one over-hear us, it might prove fatal ; we'll retire, and consult farther.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Quibble, and Pun.

Quibble. There was a World of Company at Lambeth-Wells Yesterday, *Pun.*

Pun. Ay, *Quibble*, but 'twas strange Stuff.

Quibble. So much the better, *Pun*; that gave an advantage to our Appearance.

Pun. But where's the satisfaction, *Quibble*, of showing our selves to the Mobb.

Quibble. Oh, a great deal; the Mob are very good Judges; besides one had better be admir'd by them, than by no Body; for if we go to Tunbridge or Richmond, where People are dress'd better than our selves, we look as insignificantly as a couple of *Tom Tits* amongst a parcel of *Gold-finches*.

Pun. But if we frequent those common Places too much, *Quibble*, every Prentice scrapes Acquaintance with a Body; and 'tis a horrid Shame, that every little Fellow shou'd thrust himself into Gentlemen's Company.

Quibble. Nay, the World is grown very impudent; and those strange Creatures imitate us in every thing, one can't have a Lac'd Hat, a ruffl'd Shirt, a pair of Clock Stockings, or red topt Shoes, but every City Prentice must follow us; and the Town wou'd make no distinction, if we had not Airs beyond 'em.

Pun. Well, 'tis a fine thing to have a good Air, and I fancy if we had but long Wiggs, we should be taken for Persons of Quality, and make as audacious a Figure in the Side-box as any of them.

Quibble. I wonder, what made my Father put me Clerk to an Attorney, unless he had a Mind I shou'd cheat all the rest of my Relations: A Green Bag is the most provoking thing, and gives me the Spleen intolerably; and I have such a natural Aversion to the Law, I had as live see the Devil as an old Serjeant, or any one that belongs to't.

Pun. But here comes Mrs. Pert, *Quibble*, now for your Mistress.

Enter

Enter Pert.

Quibble. Your Servant, Mrs. Pert; how does your Lady do?

Pert. She was very well, Mr. Quibble, till you discompos'd her: She says, you are the prettiest, gentlest, well-bred Gentleman she ever saw; and she admires Mr. Pun mightily for his Wit.

Quibble. She's a great Judge, indeed Mrs. Pert; for Pun has Wit; but for my Gentility, I believe she does but flatter me.

Pun. People must not praise themselves, Mrs. Pert; but Quibble is Gentle.

Quibble. And when shall I have the Favour to see the Lady privately, Mrs. Pert?

Pert. She says, Sir, should Mr. Wilson know you are his Rival, it might breed a Quarrel; for he's very passionate; and she knows you are a Man of Courage; but she'll contrive some way to admit you, and bid me tell you, the Lodgers are just going into the Dining-Room to drink Tea, and woud be glad of both your Companies.

Quibble. We'll wait on 'em, Mrs. Pert, but pray sollicit diligently, and tell her I have a good Estate, and was only put Clerk to an Attorney, to learn how to keep my own.

Pun. That he has indeed, Mrs. Pert; his Father owns almost all *Barbadoes* and *Long-Lane*.

Pert. We all know that, Mr. Pun; I remember Mr. Quibble's Family very well at Clerkenwell-Church, when his Father liv'd at the Great House in St. James's.

Quibble. D'you so, Mrs. Pert; well pray except that then for old Acquaintance. [Gives her Money.]

Quibble. Your Humble Servant, sweet Mr. Quibble; your Servant, good Mr. Pun. [Exit.]

Quibble. Thin'tis to be Gentle and a Beau, Pun. [striking.]

Pun. Ay, Quibble, I woud the Lady had fallen in Love with me. [and says when she should stolt or not.]

Quibble. But every body is n't handsome, *Pun*; but I'll tell you what, *Pun*, if you'll assist me with your Wit to get this great Fortune, I'll allow you a Hundred a Year.

Pun. Why, by *Juno*, that's more than most Men make of their Wits now-a-days. I have known an eminent Poet drudge two Years at a Play, and not get half so much by his two Nights— But let's now powder our selves, *Quibble*, and go into the Company.

Quibble. Ay, come alonge *Pun*.

S C E N E III. *A Dining-Room; Servants bring in a Tea-Teable, and Chairs.*

Enter Freeman, Wilson, Railton, Lucia, Tremilia, and Miranda.

Lucia. D'y^e you drink Tea, Gentlemen.

Wilson. Any thing, Madam, to oblige the Ladies.

Railton. Tis a good sober Liquor, Madam.

Lucia. Generally, Sir; but I have known a Beau's Brains as much overcome with Tea, as if he had drunk a Gallon of Champaine.

Freeman. Pray Ladies, what's the Virtue of this Noble Li-

quor. I wonder the World y^e o' chiller, when 'tis drunk so universally!

Tremilia. Oh, Sir, 'tis good to refine the Wit, and fit it from

Freeman. I wonder the World y^e o' chiller, when 'tis drunk so universally!

Miranda. But that Virtue, Sir, extends only to the Gentry; i

The Citizens, and such vulgar sort, Miseit to imitate us, as

they were good Cloaths; but one no more helps their Understanding, than t'other their Gentry.

Wilson. I must confess Gentry-Wit is much more polite;

and yet the Imitation of both is excusable r^eason for their

despicable Minicity, pleases themselves, and serves for a Foll; be-

sides a Diversion to those that are truly well-bred.

Lucia. A rediculous Burlesque is indeed often more entertaining than a good Original.

Miranda. Methinks Fools are a necessary part of the Creation, they afford the Town a World of Diversion.

Railton. But 'tis a sign the Town has a very ill Tast, when nothing but Folly will please 'em. I can't imagine the Satisfaction in any thing that's rediculous.

Miranda. Perhaps, Cozen, you are one that are only pleas'd with your own Follies.

Railton. Twou'd be no great Argument of my Understanding, Cozen, to be pleas'd with other Folk's. The World is seldom mov'd with Wit that's another's production, much less with Impertinence.

Miranda. Rather, Sir ; for a witty Expression that's another's, gives us the Spleen, because we did not speak it our selves ; but Folly moves our Laughter without our Envy.

Railton. If your Mirth, Madam, be that way inclin'd, every Place will furnish you with an infinite Variety.

Lucia. Pray, Mr. *Railton*, how do the World spend their time now a days.

Railton. According to my Cozen's Humour, Madam, as foolish, and entertaining as you can wish : The Beaux, their Life is a study'd Impertinence ; they value themselves upon nothing but Idleness, and Equipage ; spend all the Morning at a Looking-Glass, which Men of Sense employ in reading ; saunter all the Afternoon from one impertinent Chocolate House to another, and at Night ferret both Play-houses, and pay at neither, Strut, take Snuff, and care for no Body, affront every Body they meet, and beg every Body's Pardon that won't put it up. The Courtiers, indeed, they are never idle, always bustling for Preferment, and supplanting one another ; they carefs all they can get any thing by, and slite 'em after an Obligation ; for Gratitude's a vulgar Quality, and the only way to keep in favour with a Courtier, is never to do him any Service worth Acknowledgment.

Lucia. And pray Mr. *Railton*, what are they doing in the City ?

Railton

Railton. The Citizens, Madam, are joyntly busy to cheat all Mankind, and seperately one another: They are very Knavish till they get Estates, and very honest when they have left off their Trades, and come to be Aldermen: They love Eating and Drinking as well as any People, and understand it as little; and make Entertainments for Quality, to be laugh'd at for their Pains: They fast all Passion-week, to devour heartily at the three *Easter-Treats*; and always go to Church before a Feast, that they may be drunk with a safe Conscience: They are as fond of their Wives, as their Wives are of other People; and they take as much Pains to breed up their Sons fine Gentlemen, as if they knew they had Quality in their Natures: They admire a great deal of formal Ceremony, tho' it makes 'em ridiculous; and had rather be the Jest of the whole Town, than leave off an ancient Custome.

Tremilia. And pray, Sir, how do the Lawyers manage the World?

Railton. Very dextrously, Madam; The Lawyers govern the World, and Money governs them: They very justly dispatch a *Pauper-Cause*, where nothing's to be got; and very learnedly find out something to prolong one, where there is: The Counsellors are feed to scold out the Client's Quarrel, and the Judge very politickly orders the Money disputed to be brought into Court: All Courts are Assistant to one another: The Chancery direct Issues to be try'd at Common-Law, and the Common-Law send Matters into Chancery; so that a Client is banded about like a Cricket-ball, till they have beat out all his Estate, and then send his Cause to a Master, who, like an Oracle, sagely admonishes 'em to be Friends, when they have spent all their Money, and can afford to go to Law no longer.

Enter Justice Goose.

J. Goose. A certain Sign of Scandal and Abuse, when People get round the Tea-Table, and Mr. *Railton's* in Company.

Freeman.

Freeman. And you, Mr. Justice; thinking your self a copious Subject for Satyr, have all this while kept out of the way.

[*Servants take away the Table and Chairs.*

Miranda. Wisdom, Sir, is become a Jest now-a-days.

Just. Goose. But I never mind 'em, Madam; for I consider Wits rail more to show their Parts, than out of real Malice.

Miranda. But 'tis a Demonstration of Folly, Sir, to rail at Wisdom or Virtue that are commendable, because they don't know the Value of 'em.

J. Goose. Truly, Madam, you are a wise Woman.

Railton. No, Madam, we don't expose Wisdom, or any Accomplishments that are praise-worthy, but only those that unjustly pretend to 'em. A Judge, that thinks himself very deserving, when Interest, and not Parts, has rais'd him to the Bench; and fancies Wisdom consists as much in being grave, testy, and ill-natur'd, as in speaking fine: Or a Brain-sick Quack, that wou'd fain pass for an *Esculapius*, because he has Physick'd the Town with a purging Dose of Poetry.

Enter Quibble and Pun.

Lucia. Oh, here's Mr. *Quibble* and Mr. *Pun*: Your Servant, Gentlemen; we have wanted your good Companies all this while to drink Tea with us.

Railton. Heav'n's! What do these rediculous Coxcombs do here?

Quibble. We were sent for, Madam, to the Hole in the Wall; there was *Sam. Smallthing*, that belongs to the Petty-bug-Office, and *Peter Prigg* the Linnen-Draper's Prentice in Cornhill, and two or three more; but we came as soon as we cou'd.

Lucia. 'Twas kindly done, Mr. *Quibble*: We were talking about the World's spending their Time; pray how do you spend yours?

Quibble. As most Gentlemen do, Madam; we go to *Islington*, and *Lambeth-Wells*, and other Publick Places.

Pun. And

Pun. And we learn to Dance, Madam, at the *Blew-Boar* in *Holborn*; and *Quibble* learns to play upon the *Mock-Trumpet*.

Quibble. And *Pun*, Madam, learns to Sing; and *Pun* writes Lampoons.

Lucia. Is Mr. *Pun* Poetical then?

Pun. A *Satyr against Wit*, or so, now and then, Madam.

Lucia. Well, 'tis very diverting to write when People have a Genius.

Miranda. Rediculous--- This horrid impertinent Stuff gives us the Vapors.

J. Goose. Will you retire into the Air, Madam? [Aside.]

Miranda. I don't much care, Mr. Justice, if I do.

[*Just.* *Goose* and *Miranda* draw off aside.]

Railton. But if you employ your selves so much about these Fooleries, what time d'you allow for your Business; your Bonds, your Writs, and your Declarations?

Quibble. O dear, Sir, *Pun*, and I shall never much hurt the Lawyers.

Freeman. No, nor the Poets neither.

[Aside.]

Lucia. Lord, Mr. *Railton*, how can you ask such a rude Question, as if Gentlemen minded business; but great Wits, Sir, always envy one another. Where's *Miranda* and the Justice gone?

Wilson. Into the Garden, Madam, I suppose.

Lucia. We'll follow 'em, and divert our selves there, Mr. *Quibble*.

Wilson. By your leave, sweet Sir. [Lucia gives Quibble her Hand, Wilson interposes.]

Railton. How wretchedly do Fools themselves expose,
In vainly striving to be Wits, and Beaus. [Exeunt.]

The End of the Second Act.

A C T.

A C T III. Scene I.

Enter Tremilia.

Tremilia. **H**appy the Nymphs, that tread the peaceful Woods,

Where Nature in her best Perfection shines,
Beyond the faint pretending Power of Art,
The warbling Harmony, the purling Streams,
The beauteous Fragrancy, the soft Retreats,
The pleasing Sports, the Silence, the Content,
And the free Thoughts such blissful Ease affords,
Render a Rural State entirely charming,
And a true Emblem of *Elysian* Joys ;
There no Distinction Difference creates,
But firmest Friendship, and a levell'd Sphere ;
How bless'd is such a Life beyond the Pomp,
And grating Discords of a contentious Town,
Where vyng Envy sooths the sickn'd Soul,
And is the only Pleasure it affects.
How tedious is a noisy trifling World,
To one that loves a gaudy sensible's Pride ;
And whose Ambition but extends to Ease.

Enter Railton.

Railton. *Tremilia* contemplative ! A sign Life's grown ver-
ry irksome, when People become serious, and thought-
ful.

Tremilia. Not so true a sign as it is of Emptiness, to be al-
ways gay and airy.

Railton. What shou'd the World do else ? 'Tis Mirth, and Love makes nauseous Life go down, and every serious Thought is so much time wasted : Melancholy is the most unaccountable thing in the World, even upon an Occasion it does but add to a Misfortune ; but without 'tis the meer Effect of Ill-Nature ; it makes us uneasy to our selves, and unsociable in Company.

Tremilia. 'Tis a mistaken Notion, which possesses the unpolish'd Part of the World, that every thing is dull which is not Jocose ; like some who in Musick prefer a light airy Tune that vanishes without impression, to the Charms of Solemn Musick, that are truly inspiring, which shows a defective Judgment, and a rough hewn Nature ; but a Soul that's capable of true Harmony, loves Sedateness, and Contemplation, and thinks an impertinent Mirth more tiresom than real Dulness ; a gay Coxcomb is like a Ship unballast, that totters with every Wind of Whimsy, and is neither fit for Busines, nor improving Conversation.

Railton. That Opinion, *Tremilia*, denotes a diseas'd Mind, which is as naturally averse to every thing that's pleasant, and agreeable, as a Diseas'd Body is to wholsom Food. Contemplation is but an Overture to Madness, a discontented Temper renders the World Odious ; and Melancholy, like Sleep, steals insensibly upon our Spirits ; and when Solitude has contracted our Thoughts into a too serious Meditation, we fall into a Labyrinth of foolish Notions, that quite craze our Understandings. The Philosophers run upon Fancies, which not only confront Reason, and Sense, but plain Matter of Fact : And the Poets Flights of the Sun, the Stars, and the Elements, are manifest Distraction ; as if *Apollo*, for their Impertinence, had canted 'em thro' the Globe, and they had a giddy Idea of every thing they just pass'd by. Such stuff is the effect of studious Vapours, and Fops that are learnedly ridiculous, ought more to be laugh'd at, than Fools that talk downright Nonsense.

Tremilia. Those, Mr. *Railton*, are Professions beyond the level of every one's Capacity ; therefore the approv'd way for

a Man to conceal his own Ignorance, is not to rail at what he don't understand.

Railton. But since Fools are so numerous, and Men of Sense so scarce, 'tis the surer way, and less hazard of exposing one's self, to doubt all ; for an implicite Faith, like the *Romans*, that believe a Philosopher wise for a long Beard, or a Poet inspir'd, because he writes Improbabilities, wou'd give a large scope for the Town to be expos'd on. But we digress mightily from our Argument: In short, 'tis very dangerous to be overburden'd with Study, and in striving to polish our Selves by Art, lose what we got by Nature: Facetiousness and Gayety, show an undisturb'd Mind, and fortifie us against the Attacks of Crosses, and a Man of true Sense is a Man of true Pleasure.

Tremilia. An innocent Mirth is allowable, to be always grave, wou'd be Moroseness ; but the only Diversion in this Age is Lewdness ; And a Man is counted very dull, that is not every Day guilty of some Debauch.

Railton. 'Tis a little too hard, *Tremilia*, to be blam'd for Lewdness by those that excite it; If Heav'n would have had Men more Virtuous and Chaste, it shou'd have made Women less charming, my Dear Quaker. [Pressing her.

Tremilia. Pray, Mr. *Railton* forbear your Embraces ; if you are for a civil Argument, I'll engage with you, but—

Railton. You wou'd not bring such a Scandal upon me: To stand arguing with a fair Lady about idle Philosophy, when I might employ my time so much better, wou'd make me a Proverb to your whole Sex for ever. The very name of Philosophy is an Antidote to all Inclination ; for those old musty Fellows were so brutish, 'twas not in their Natures to love a pretty Woman. No, no, I love an Argument that affords a feeling Pleasure, when Nature's the Subject, we shall both agree ; there we may descant on diverting Propositions, and for better Explanation reduce 'em into Practice. There's Divinity in such an Argument, my Life, my Soul. [Struggling all this while.

Enter Freeman and Wilson.

Tremilia. Nay, if you grow rude, I must leave you. [Rushes from him and goes out.]

Freeman. We have interrupted you, *Jack*, you were busy.

Railton. Ay, Faith, 'tis like your Malice, when you can get never an Amour of your own, to spoil every Body's else.

Freeman. I hope *Jack*, when I do get one, I shall have more Incouragement to pursue it than you have.

Railton. A Woman's Coyness, *Will*, never daunts my Courage; Perseverance is always crown'd with Success; and what Ignorance and Modesty deny at first, Reason and Consideration will yield to at last.

Wilson. Prithee *Jack*, name not Reason or Consideration in an Amour of that kind; for had you Liberties any, you wou'd marry, and live honourably.

Railton. That State was invented for the meanner sort, who want Principles of Honour; but People of any Figure value their Words more than the Churches Tye; and reckon a Feast more wholsom, that is not tainted with the Parson's Breath.

Wilson. But Matrimony shows a Man's Constancy the more, for that is only determinable by death.

Railton. Constancy is an Argument of a narrow Soul; to be confin'd to one Embrace, is like trotting down every Saturday to the same Countrey-house. Repetition renders the World dull and insipid, and when People are tir'd with one another, they ought to change by consent; Variety wou'd make Life easie, and love a greater Pleasure.

Freeman. But your Doctrine, *Jack*, wou'd spoil the Order of the World, we shou'd have nothing but Jarrs, and Confusions.

Railton. No, there wou'd be all Peace, all Harmony, 'tis the Jealousies and Contentions of married People that occasion all the Disturbances we have-- The Wife is forc'd to marry a-against

against her own Consent, and therefore Jilts about with other People ; and the raving Cuckold, like a mad Ox, runs butting at all the Town : Besides, Variety is a means to increase Wit and Sense ; for 'tis generally Money more than Love makes a Match, and Children always prove Blockheads, that proceed from an Ill Gusto.

Wilson. But d'y you take all People to be sensible, that are unlawfully begot ?

Railton. Not all Ned, that wou'd make the Nation full of Wisdom indeed. There's many a Sot has a By-blow, that inherits his Nature as well as his Estate ; but 'tis generally so, and the Reason's plain, because 'tis Men of Sense that run rambling, and only dull Fools that marry. But are you for a walk this Evening, Gentlemen ?

Wilson. With all my Heart ; but we are too soon yet ; if you'll take a Flask at the Rose, I'll wait on my Mistress, and follow you in half an Hour.

Freeman. Enough, we'll expect you. [Exeunt differently.

SCENE, *The Cock Ale-house.*

Enter Quibble, Pun, and a Drawer.

Pun. Are any of the Club come yet ?

Draw. No, Sir.

Pun. Bring us some Cock-Ale.

I begin to be sick of this Mobbish sort of Company ; if we cou'd but get into some Quality-Club, *Quibble*.

Quibble. Unless these Creatures here, *Pun*, were sensible of the Honour we did 'em in private, and wou'd keep their Distance in publick ; but I'll swear some People have the least Breeding ; for 'tis other Night, as I was talking to *Beau Smirk*, and giving my self great Airs behind the Scenes, that impudent Fellow *Jack Dapperwit* the Goldsmith's Prentice in *Fleet-street*, had the Assurance to bow to me out of the Eighteen-penny Gallery--- I thought I should have dropt down dead.

Enter

Enter Sattin.

Sattin. Mr. *Quibble* and Mr. *Pun*.

Pun. Mr. *Sattin*; Lord! you're grown the greatest Beau of late, since you are Set-up--- 'Tis you handsom Mercers that wound all the Ladies Hearts.

Sattin. We endeavour to oblige the Fair Sex; but we must not pretend to any Conquests when Mr. *Quibble* and Mr. *Pun* are by.

Quibble. O, Mr. *Sattin*, you are so much a Courtier---Here the Ale. Mr. *Sattin*, the Respects of a Maid t' you.

[*Drawer* gives *Quibble* a Glass.

Sattin. Mr. *Pun*, here's Mr. *Quibble*'s Mistresses Health.

[*Sat. Drinks.*

Quibble. That's more than one, I assure you, Sir; for I have a Kindness for the whole Sex.

Sattin. And most of the Sex without doubt, Mr. *Quibble*, have the same for you; for one Woman can't have the Vanity to think to ingross a handsom young Fellow wholly to her self.

Enter Law-sprig.

Law. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Pun. Mr. *Law-sprig*, you are very late to day.

Law. I had been here an Hour ago, Mr. *Pun*, but my Master sent me as far as *Pickadilly*, to serve a Lady with a *Subpœna ad reiungendum*.

Pun. He's a Dog for hindering us so long from your dear Company. Here, some Chairs Fellow. Lets sit down, Gentlemen [They sit.] Well Mr. *Law-sprig*, what News have you? you converse mightily with the Wits; what new Plays, Satyrs, or Lampoons, are there stirring?

Law. Nothing, Mr. *Pun*, worth notice; there are Fools enough indeed to furnish Satyr, but very few Wits to write it. But I am told, Mr. *Pun*, you are about a Play.

Pun. O

Pun. O dear, Mr. *Lawspring*, you are misinform'd. *Quibble* indeed has had some such Thoughts.

Quibble. Nay, *Pun*, don't deny it; since you bestow the Pains, you ought not to lose the Honour of it.

Sattin. I find, Gentlemen, the Matter lies between you both, but your Modesty won't let you own it.

Quibble. Since you force us to a Confession, Mr. *Sattin*, I must own we have done something in that kind; but really a Body has very little Encouragement to write now-adays, when true Wit and Sense are so much slighted, and nothing but Farce will please the Town, a little low Stuff that's fit only for *Bullock* and *Pinkethman*.

Laws. You must pardon the Weakness of the Age, 'but pray what's your design?

Pun. I'll tell you, Mr. *Lawspring*, *Quibble* is to write all the Love Parts, and I the Satirical Parts; and really in some Scenes *Quibble* has said the softest moving things, you'd melt to hear 'em.

Quibble. And *Pun* is as severe, he has some Reflections will make the House ring agen--- *Pun* designs to draw the Character of a City Wit; for really those ridiculous Creatures that affect things so much above their Sphere, deserve to be expos'd.

Pun. And *Quibble* designs to have the Character of a Lady cross'd in Love, that haunts the Woods and Groves, talks to the Rivers, and carves her Passion on the Barks of Trees.

Quibble. And *Pun* is to have a Scene of the Royal-Oak-Lottery, for you must know he lost his last Terriage there, and had'nt a Groat to spend all the long Vacation.

Laws. Nay, that cursed Game has ruin'd abundance: I knew a topping Side-Box Mask beggar'd her self so by playing there, she was forc'd to descend from Quality and a Guinea, to ply at *Salisbury-Court-End* in a Straw-hat for Two Pence Wet and Two Pence Dry.

Sattin. And pray, Gentlemen, what is the name of the Play?

Pun. 'Tis to be call'd, Mr. *Sattin*, *The Maze*; for the Plot, the Wit, and the whole Design of it are to be so pretty an Amusement, the Audience are to go away in a Suspence, and find none out.

Quibble. And that must take.

Lawf. Well, I shall long to see this Play: I'll engage, Gentlemen, to get you a good middle Gallery; and Mr. *Sattin* here has a great Interest amongst the Ladies, he'll procure you some Boxes: but 'tis late: Here, Fellow, what's to pay?

Draw. Fifteen Pence, Sir.

Lawf. A Groat a peice does it, and a Penny over for the Drawer. Come Gentlemen, we Discharge the Reckoning at the Barr.

Sattin. Mr. *Pun*.

Pun. Mr. *Lawsprig*.

Lawf. Mr. *Quibble*.

Quibble. Mr. *Sattin*.

[Complementing.

Pun. The nearest the Door.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Lucia's Apartment.

Enter Lucia and Pert.

Lucia. Pert.

Pert. Madam.

Lucia. Were you never in Love?

Pert. Yes, Madam, I was in Love with a Lord once for his fine Equipage.

Lucia. But, that's Ambition.

Pert. But when my Lady *Brambleton's* John came here with a Message, I left him better.

Lucia. That's Love indeed, Pert; when you can relinquish the Charms of Pomp and Grandeur, for a Man that has nothing to tempt you but his Person. But why did you like him better?

Pun.

Pert.

Pert. I don't know, Madam; but after he was gone, I always thought of him, and dreamt of him, and had an Idea of him, and was mightily disorder'd about him, I coudn't eat, nor mind what I did, but put every thing in the wrong place, as if I had lost my Senses.

Lucia. I thought 'twas some such thing, when you left my Shift in the Kitchin to Day for all the Fellows to take the Dimensions of it.

Pert. And t'other Morning, as I was sweeping the Room, I fancy'd on a suddain he came rushing upon me, and the giddy Surprize made me tumble down.

Lucia. 'Twas better to fall, *Pert*, with the Imagination, than in reality.

Pert. Unless in a Lawful Way, Madam; but I did'nt take this to be Love, I thought 'twas only the Vapours.

Lucia. Love, *Pert*, is the Vapours; for when People are they don't know how, and want they don't know what, their Brains are perfectly addl'd with Confusion.

Pert. D'y you never find your self so, Madam, when you think of Mr. Wilson.

Lucia. Pish, prithee get me a Song.

[*Pert goes out.*]

A S O N G.

[*Enter Pert.*]

Pert. Madam, here's Mr. Quibble come to pay his Devours.

Lucia. O Dear, pray admit him; he's one of the diverting.

Enter Quibble.

You Beaux, Mr. Quibble, have a Priveledge beyond other People to be admitted into Ladies Apartments; for you have too much breeding to offer any rudeness.

Quibble. Shou'd we Beaux, Madam, do any thing to offend the Ladies, 'twould ruine our Reputations; for we dress for

the Ladies, and are witty to divert the Ladies, and 'tis the Ladies only keep us in Countenance.

Lucia. The Ladies ought to be proud to occasion so many pretty Gentlemen--- but *Pert* tells me, *Mr. Quibble*, that you and the Ingenious *Mr. Pun* are such violent Criticks at every thing, there's no pretending to appear before you.

Quibble. O dear, Madam, *Mrs. Pert* is so judiciously obliging---- The World indeed does allow us to understand the Mode.

Lucia. Pray, Sir, what sort of Wit is most in fashion now.

Quibble. Satyr, Madam, 'tis the newest Wit at Court--- All People of Rank rail. They go to Church and to *Hyde-Park* only to laugh, and censure, and methinks 'tis so pleasant to ridicule Folks.

Lucia. But 'tis not breeding, Sir, to abuse People too much.

Quibble. Every thing is breeding, Madam, that Quality do, tho' to be too Satirical does make one's Wit envy'd,---and that's a great Fault in *Pun*, he's so mightily for Repartee, and has said such Satirical things sometimes, I have been afraid no body wou'd keep us Company. But to look with an Air of scorn upon the Mob, makes one considerable. *Pun* and I have so much Diversion every *Sunday* night in *Grays-Inn-Walks*, to make Remarks upon the City Prentices, and such odd Things, that wou'd fain be Beaux, and Genteel; and sometimes, when we happen to pass by one that looks like a Coward, and has never a Sword on, *Pun* will cry--- Smoak the Beau; and then we all fall a laughing.

Lucia. It must afford a World of Satisfaction to Gentlemen that are truly Genteel, to observe those that awkwardly affect to be so.

Quibble. And really, Madam, there are a World of Fools about Town.

Lucia. Those few are happy, *Mr. Quibble*, that are in favour with you Satirical Gentlemen; for where you take an Antipathy, you lash most unmercifully.

Enter Pert.

Pert. Madam, Mr. *Wilson's* coming up Stairs.

Lucia. Blefs me! What shall I do? We shall have Murder.

Quibble. You need not fear, Madam, I'm never quarrelsome.

Lucia. Oh, Mr. *Quibble*, but he's desperate to the last degree; the least Fit of Jealousy makes him more outrageous than a Fit of Madness, and shou'd he find a Man in my Chamber, he'd be the Death of him, without so much as asking him what he came there for.

Quibble. O Lord!

Lucia. Heavens! Have you ever a peice of Paper about you.

Quible. Let me see (*Feeling and trembling*) here's a Declaration in Ejectment. [*Seeming confus'd.*]

Lucia. Give it me quickly, quickly, [*Aside.*]

Enter Wilson.

This is Mr. *Pun's* Poem you were speaking of, Sir.

Quibble. Yes, Madam.

Lucia. I shall peruse it with a World of Pleasure. Your Servant Mr. *Quibble*. [*Exit Quibble.*] You see, Sir, I take all Opportunities to divert my self with your Sex.

Wilson. If yo can find any Diversion in a Fool, Madam, it must be for the sake of his Sex; but I have too great an Opinion of your Virtue to believe that; and of your Wit, to think his Conversation pleas'd you; but suppose, like the generality of such Coxcombs, he intruded himself.

Lucia. You'll make an excellent Passive Husband, Sir, to find a Gallant in your Mistresses Chamber without being mov'd, and provide her an Excuse too.

Wilson. To be jealous of such Fellows wou'd render us more ridiculous than them, we may as well fear your Lap-dogs or your Squirrels, they are equally harmless. Admit a Man of Sense into your Chamber, and you'll give occasion for

Jealousie ; but a Woman that has Understanding her self, will never trust a Fool with her Reputation, that knows not how to keep it. But since your Ear is at present inclin'd to a little Impertinence, I hope you'll give me leave to urge my Suit.

Lucia. Your's, Sir, is a more tiresome sort of impertinence ; if I wou'd be that way diverted, it shou'd be with something that's facetious, but to hear a whining Lover, with a Phiz as hypocritically demure as a young Widower's at his Wife's Funeral, drawl out his Passion with the fulsome Encomium of his Mistresses Shape, and Face, is more tedious, than the repeated Praises in a Noncon Funeral Sermon.

Wilson. Sollicitation, Madam, is always tiresom, Impatience for what we so earnestly desire, makes it so ; and 'tis the Ignorance of some Ladies, who prefer the Vanity of an admiring Train, to the Substantial Joy's of Love, that occasions it. Now, Madam, the only way for you to be rid of that fatigue, and to show your self wiser than the rest of your Sex, is to surrender without any further attack.

Lucia. Tho' I hate a troublesome Lover to teize me at home, yet I have the same Vanity to love a train of Coxcombs abroad ; methinks there's somthing great, and distinguishing in a Train of Beaux after one, 'tis like a Crowd of Footmen behind a Nobleman's Coach.

Wilson. A pretty Comparison--but when a Lady, Madam, admits a Crowd of Pretenders, 'tis generally to Select one most deserving for a Husband.

Lucia. Perhaps when a Lady finds one a greater Coxcomb than the rest, she may endure him to wait on her for the use of his Estate, provided he keeps the same distance he did before Marriage, and don't presume to be familiar in Publick. But pray, Sir, do you see any Air in my Face so ungenteel for a Wife ; no, Mr. *Wilson*, never think I'll quit my rambling Pleasures, to be confin'd to any Man's Humour, or that you have any thing in you beyond other People to perfwade me to't--When a Woman's once marry'd, she's dead to the World, and is the most Despis'd Thing imaginable. To be never bow'd to in publick, never talk'd of, nor be the Subject of a Song,

Song, and which is worst of all to lose one's Complexion, and in six Months time grow out of all manner of Shape---'tis killing.

Wilson. But the Joys, Madam, the Raptures that occasion it ! The soft Caresses ! The Midnight extasies of Love ! They are killing indeed ! Beyond all the Greatness, Appearance, and Homage, that like Air immaterially puff up the deprav'd Appetite of Pride, and stifle real Happiness.

Lucia. Odious ! Sure the Man's troubl'd with Fits---I'll send Pert to you, Sir, with a Glas of Water, and when you are come to your self, and can talk like other People, you may meet us in the Park.

[Exit.]

Wilson. So ! 'Tis like her Humour: too unsteady for any thing that's serious--- But I need not despair--- A Weather-cock that's always moving, touches at every point in it's turn ; and an excess of Noise and Gayety may soon forfeit her Genius, and make her loath 'em.

The brisk, gay Nymph with Pleasure gluts her Taft,
Too eager, and too hurrying to last ;
Thro' Heat of Youth, her Fancy vainly roves,
And she acts just as every Whimsey moves ;
'Till tir'd at length with a too Aiery Life,
Love settles her, and makes a prudent Wife.

The End of the Third Act.

A G T,

A C T. IV. Scene II.

Enter Justice Goose and Rowland his Clerk.

Row. SIR, there's some People without wait for Justice-business.

Just. Bring me the great Chair and my Cap of Authority.

Enter Lucia, Miranda, and Pert at one Door to hear the Causes, and at another a Constable with a Gentleman and a Woman.

Just. So, Mr. Constable, what have you to say?

Const. An't please your Worship, we have brought a Gentleman, and a Woman here before you, that we found together in an ill House.

Just. You are to be commended, Mr. Constable, for your Diligence. Well, Sir, what have you to say for your self?

Gent. I think, Mr. Justice, the Constable was a little too officious; he didn't discover any lewdness by us.

Just. Lewdness! Why 'tis enough that you were alone together. Woman, what are you? Where d'you live?

Wom. An't please you, Sir, my Mother is a Laundress to the Inns of Court, and I sell Oranges at the Play-house.

Just. The Play-house! Ay, that's the Place where such young bold Slutts as you are nurs'd up in your Impudence; where you parrot to the Men, and at the end of every Act straddle over Peoples Backs; a scandal to all Morality, and a shame to your Sex. *[Aside to Row.]* Rowland, tell the Gentleman for five Guineas I'll release him. Mr. Constable, have you ever met this Woman before in your Walks?

Const. Ay, Sir, she's as common as *Betty Sands*, we have taken her several times at the *Buttock-Ball* in *Bell-yard*.

[Just. Aside.]

[*Just. Aside.*] Then she may have a good Trade---*Rowland*,
[*Aside to Row.*] tell her for two Guinea's I'll let her go.

[*Pert. Aside.*] I'll swear a handsome proper Gentleman; what pity 'tis his Occasions were so pressing to take up with such an ordinary Trull; if he had address'd himself to me, 'twou'd ha' been somewhat.

Row. [*Aside to the Just.*] Sir, the Gentleman says, rather than suffer the Disgrace of being bound over, he'll comply with your Demands; but the Woman has no Money.

Just. No, then make her a *Mittimus*. Stand by you two. Who else have we?

Enter another Constable with a Bawd.

Const. We have taken a Woman here, Sir, that has the Reputation of a Bawd, she keeps a Coffee-house in *Black-Friars*, maintains lewd Women, and People complain she has ruin'd half the Tradesmen's Prentices in *Cheapside*, *Paul's Churchyard*, and *Ludgate-Hill*.

Just. How! Debauch the Youth of the City.

Bawd. The Constable, Mr. Justice, is a lying impudent Papish Rogue, and only informs against me, because I'm a Protestant; for tho' I say it that shou'd not say it, yet I will say it, I keep as Civil a House as any Woman in *Christendom*, and the best Merchants in the City frequent it.

Just. But what Women are those in your House?

Bawd. An't please you, Sir, I have but three young Women belong to me, two of 'em are Neices, that come out of the Country to learn a little Breeding, and the other is my own Daughter; and tho' I say it, as modest a Girl as ever peep'd thro' a thin Church-fan: I'm a Widow, Mr. Justice, and my Husband was as substantial a Tradesman as any in the City, only lost his Effects in the troublesome Times. [Crying.

Just. [*Aside to Rowl.*] *Rowland*, ask her what weekly Salary she'll give not to have her Licence taken away.

Bawd. Besides, Sir, the Constable wou'd have debauch'd my Daughter, and because I expos'd him amongst the Neighbourhood,

hood, he has had a Spight against my House ever since.

Just. Have a care, Woman, how you reflect upon Mr. Constable.

Rowl. [Aside to the *Just.*] She desires, Sir, you wou'd not be too hard with her; but she says, you ruine her, if you take away her Licence.

Just. What's your Name, Woman.

Bawd. Elizabeth Fosset, Sir.

Just. Come, come, I find you are Neighbours; I love to make peace----- Mrs. Fosset, go home about your businels, and have a Care what Company you entertain in your House, [Aside to *Rowl.*] *Rowland*, enter her down in the List-Book.

[Exit *Bawd.*

Now, Sir, for you.

[To the *Gent.*

Pert. O pray, Sir, don't expose the Gentlemen. [Aside] I like him; the Man has good Legs.

Miranda. Let us interceed for the Gentleman.

Lucia. We all petition for the Gentleman.

Just. Well, Sir, since the Ladies plead for you, I discharge you; but I admonish you to have more Conduct in your Actions, avoid such lewd Company, and go to Church, and hear Reformation-Sermons. [Aside] *Rowland*, go after the Gentlemen for the five Guineas-----

[Exit *Gent.*

For you, Wench, that ruine Men's Estates, and by your wanton Glances and loose Airs, seduce half the young Fellows in Town, [Aside] and have no Money to pay for Connivance-- Mr. Constable, carry her to *Bridewell*, and give special Order from me to have her well lash'd.

Wom. O good, Sir, don't sent me to *Bridewell*, I have been there so often, they'll have no Mercy on me.

Just. Away with her. [Exit *Const.* with the *Woman.*

Pert. [Aside] Filthy Thing, I'm resolv'd I'll go see her whipt.

Just. [To *Mir.*] Now, Madam, shall we divert our selves in the Park.

Mir. I never affect those publick Places, Sir, they are so censorious; but I think 'twill be no Scandal to walk with a Person of your Character.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, Changes to St. James's Park.

Enter Quibble and Pun, meeting.

Pun. **W**ell, Quibble, what Success had you with your Mistress?

Quibble. Why, Pun, we discours'd about Wit, and Breeding, and Fashions, and talk'd contemptibly of People, as you know the more polite sort of Gentry do; but just as I was come to my Passion, that ugly Fellow *Wilson* interrupted us, but Mrs. *Pert* says, she'll introduce me agen to Morrow, and then I design to speak strangely moving.

Pun. You need not fear, Quibble, she'll have you; *Wilson* won't pretend to vye with you; and the Ladies always chuse the Gentelest— But what shall we do, Quibble, when you have got this great Heiress?

Quibble. Why, Pun, as soon as I'm marry'd, and have got all her Fortune in my Hands— We'll run away from her.

Pun. Faith, so we will—I think that's most fashionable— People marry now-adays only for the sake of their Wives Fortunes, that they may be able to keep Mistresses— And we'll go into *France*, Quibble. Well, there's as much difference betwixt Gentlemen that have been in *France*, and those that were never out of *England*, as there is betwixt Country Attorneys Clerks that only come up at Term, and us.

Quibble. And what an Air we shall have, Pun, when we come back again. How *Christopher Copywise*, and *Obediah Sub-pana*, and the rest of the Fellows at the *Six-Clerks-Office* will stare!

Pun. And how we shall be envy'd, Quibble, when we go to the *Blew-boar*— We'll be so huffish to every body we kept Company with before, and always stand at the upper end in a Country-dance.

Quibble. Nay, we may be very impudent when we have got Footmen to stand by us—— And we'll go to the Play every night, *Pun*, and pull off the Womens Masks, and kick the Orange Wenches, and grow as remarkable as my Lord Rake.

Pun. And like Quality too, *Quibble*, run away with Citizens Wives. Gad I'm overjoy'd to think what a Grand Figure we shall make when we have an Estate to support it.

Quibble. We shall be mightily admir'd; for Folks that have always appear'd great, are never so much taken notice of, as those that rise so on a sudden. *Pun, Pun*, here comes a Stroller, lets pick her up,

[*A Mask crossing the Stage, Quibble stops her.*
Whether so fast, *Mopsy*, in search of a Supper.

Mask. Will you give me one?

Pun. That's according as your Phiz deserves; but you are resolv'd to seduce no body by hiding it.

Mask. I'm afraid of being Sun-burnt.

Pun. Women of your Profession, indeed, ought to be very apprehensive of Heat.

Quibble. A good tender Lass, *Pun*.

[*Squeezing her.*

Pun. Perhaps, *Quibble*, like Mutton in wet Weather, a little too tender. Prithee, Child, what sort of Flesh is most in Season now.

Mask. I can't tell, but Fool's always in Season.

Pun. So much the better for you that deal so much in that Commodity.

Mask. And for you that might be out of Request else.

Quibble. Prithee, *Pun*, let's give her a Bottle and Pint at Story's; for tho' she an't Witty, she's impudent; and I like her the better.

Mask. Story's! Unhand me, Fellows: You are some Scrubs of the Law, and your Pockets won't reach beyond Belch this Vacation.

[*Exit.*

Pun. The Devil's in the Bitch for guessing: But I'll swear our Profession's grown so scandalous, that if a Woman has a Mind to degrade a Man now-a-days, she cries, He belongs to the Law.

Quibble.

Quibble. Let her go, *Pun*, she's some Sixpenny Trull that plies at *Beveridge's*.

Pun. Ay, hang her, I'm sure she is'n't half so pretty as our Sempstress at *Clements-Inn-Gate*. Let's view the Company, *Quibble*, perhaps we may meet your Mistress here. [Exit].

Enter *Justice Goose* and *Miranda*.

Miranda. Good Mr. Justice, alter this Subject; Love as ill becomes Age as Dressing: An ancient Person shou'd think of more serious Matters.

Just. Goose. Love, Madam, is a serious Matter, and ought to be harken'd to with greater Pleasure when it proceeds from a Man of Years, because then it looks most like Truth: For the young shallow Fellows of the Age profess it only for a Jest, that they may value themselves upon a Conquest, and glory in being false.

Miranda. I must confess, Sir, the Levity of Young Men is very apparent; but to believe all false, because some are, wou'd be the way never to find any true.

Just. Goose. But since the generality of 'em are so, Madam, the Hazard's too great for the Purchase. Now a Person of riper Years is always constant to the Passion he first professes, and the Favours you afford him are never ill-bestow'd.

Miranda. But to allow Favours to the Old, Sir, wou'd be a Reflection upon our Power as if we wanted Charms to be prefer'd any by the Young.

Just. Goose. Rather, Madam, a Mark of your Wisdom that refus'd 'em, for in loving so uncertainly a Woman's Passion betrays her Folly, but to place her Affection on Maturity shows her Love is govern'd by Discretion.

Miranda. But the World will hardly allow it Discretion in a Love Affair to prefer Age to Youth—I own, I admire a grave Person for a Companion—His Discourse is edifying, and his Wife Aspect Commands a Reverence and Attention.

Just. Goose. Love, Madam, wou'd soften that Reverence, and

and make Discourse pleasant and familiar, for where there's a mutual Passion People agree better in their Sentiments.

Miranda. No, Sir, Love is the greatest Enemy to Conversation, for even with the Young 'tis reckon'd a Disease of the Mind, but when the Old are seiz'd, 'tis a Sign of some very great Indisposition, and the Sentiments of craz'd People are seldom very extraordinary.

Just. Goose. Love, Madam, cannot be term'd Craziness, when a deserving Lady Charms us; and 'tis Experience makes People Judges of Deserts. When so much Beauty appears, grac'd with so much Wit and Judgment, 'twould be madnes not to love; and even your Argument against my Passion raises it more. We'll walk on and divert our selves further.

Enter Lucia, and Tremilia.

Lucia. Never tell me; *Tremilia*, you hate the World, 'tis contradicting Nature, and too much Philosophy for a Woman to pretend to, we must love it---it's Pleasures are so various, so enticing. We differ with Relations, slite the firmest Friendship, part with our Reputations, and even pawn our Religion for Love, and those other darling Creations the World affords.

Tremilia. Which are but tantalizing Amusements that debauch our Genius when they are once over, and Fatigue allows us a serious interval; with what regret do we reflect upon our Folly, in letting our Appetites govern our Reason, and like the *Sirens* Song charm us into Ruine.

Lucia. Fatigue may occasion a Disquiet, as we loath Food upon a full Stomach; but 'tis as rational to resolve never to refresh Nature one way as the other. Those Thoughts, *Tremilia*, are more the effect of Spleen than Wisdom. I have had the Spleen my self, have nauseated the Town, and every Diver-
sion, been chagrin to that Degree, I have loath'd my self, but those Vapours soon vanish'd, and the first agreeable Opportu-
nity the smiling World offer'd reconcil'd me. Never pretend an Odium to Pleasure, it betrays your Judgment, and is either

Hypo-

Hypocrisy to enjoy it more secretly, or else for want of a means to enjoy it, more than real Aversion.

Tremilia. But what are those Pleasures, *Lucia*, so infallably irresistible, beyond Fame, Friendship or Religion? Pleasures that consist with Reason, cannot exceed a Quiet Mind, yet even in that Case they are not justifiable, it shows the ill Root of those noble Virtues, and the weakness of our Senses to be so easily ensnar'd.

Lucia. Every thing is bewitching. What think you of Love *Tremilia*? How faint a Passion is Friendship, or that of Kindred, sick and wavering, like the Moon, when the Sunny Rays of Love dart into our Souls! Love governs every Sense, every Affection, every Principle truckles to that more noble Passion.

Tremilia. But how pity'd are Love-Sick Persons, to whom Nature gave a Sense only to undergo the Pain of losing it? Who, destitute of Thought or Conduct, are blindly led by a misguiding Phantom, and fancy themselves the only happy, whilst others think 'em the worst of Madmen. How easy is the Mind that's free from Love, and every other Passion, that slites the World, and is indifferent to all it's Changes; neither ravish'd with any seeming Happiness, nor yet dejected by the greatest Misfortune---The Fears! The Jealousies! The Racks! And the Eternal Disquiets of Love---Oh, *Lucia*, if Love be the only Happiness to recommend the World, 'tis what we ought the most to hate it for.

Lucia. What think you then of the General Diversions? The Assembly? The Mall? And the Ring? They are Fancies too trifling to disturb; please us for the present, and are never thought of but when enjoy'd.

Tremilia. Confusions! Nones! That tease Retirement, and only echo in an empty Head; especially the Ring, that's the most insipid of Diversions; A Whirligig, that shows the giddy Brains of those that frequent it; there's not so much as Conversation, and the whole Design of the Rendezvous is to make a gaudy Appearance, and stare one another out of Countenance.

Lucid.

Lucia. But the Play, *Tremilia*.

Tremilia. Is a Counterpart to all the rest, there Folly is copy'd out by Art, as if the World were so bewitch'd with the extravagancy of Rediculousnes, it must be study'd to please 'em; and a Coxcomb that plays the Fool *Extempore*, does it not enough in perfection.

Lucia. The Stage, *Tremilia*, being to reform, ought to expose a Fool in the liveliest Colours, that Folly may seem more odious, and that sort of *Buffoonery* shou'd be most acceptable, because 'tis only a Representation; for a real Fool moves our Sorrow. Any thing that's artfully imitated is encourag'd by ingenious Persons, besides the good intention of correcting.

Tremilia. Reformation's a meer Pretence to deceive the Wiser sort that wou'd fain suppress the Stage; but were it so, Poets are too lewd themselves to pretend to correct others, like vicious Clergymen, tho' their Doctrine be never so Orthodox, 'tis always slighted, because their Actions contradict their Words. No, *Lucia*, to reform is the least Aim of the Poet, 'tis to please, to indulge the Fancy, and to sooth the Appetite. The Beau is not to expose Foppery, but a Pattern of Dress: The Stage gives the Fashions, and Vice is represented more for Example than Redicule.

Lucia. That, *Tremilia*, is as the Audience take it; if their corrupt Natures will make a vicious Use of what is virtuously meant, it ought not to prejudice the Noble Design. But if you are so averse even to the Representation of a Fool, how will you bear the Impertinence of two Originals? I see, Mr. *Quibble* and Mr. *Pun* advancing; for my part, I am easie in all Company; for shou'd every Coxcomb I meet with have Power to discompose my Temper, this Town wou'd never let me be in Humour; besides, 'tis letting a Fool be too significant.

Tremilia. That, indeed, shows a Command of your Temper. I must confess, *Lucia*, I envy your Happiness in that, but not at all in your Diversions.

Enter Quibble and Pun.

Lucia. So, Gentlemen, you are Criticising on the Company: Woe be to the Reputations of the Ungenteel, for the Multitude always follow the Censure of the judicious few.

Quibble. Truly, Madam, here's such Stuff, 'tis hardly worth a Body's Observation; for the Women, there's none but a parcel of stiff City Ladies with tawdry Breast-knots, and Pattens, and trolloping Exchange-Wenches with Fourbula Scarffs, like the Housines of a Saddle: And for the Men, *Pun* and I cou'd hardly keep one another in Countenance. I wonder the Centinels an't order'd to let in none but Gentlemen, and what are well dress'd.

Lucia. There wou'd be abundance kept out, Sir, that have a very good Opinion of themselves.

Quibble. Why, really, Madam, the Mobb are very conceited.

Tremilia. I find, then, you are only for an outward Appearance: I shou'd value a Man more for his Conversation than his Cloaths.

Quibble. O dear, Madam, you are of a quite different Opinion from the rest of the World: The Beau Monde always respect People most, for their Airs, and their Drefs; besides, all the Conversation a Gentleman shou'd have, is to talk of the Town, the Modes, and the Ladies, and to have a pretty sort of a Satyr Wit.

Pun. Indeed, Madam, *Quibble* says true, for to discourse upon any learned Subject, looks as if one study'd; and Study is only for People of Professions, and a Profession is almost as scandalous as a Trade.

Tremilia. The Definition then you give of a Gentleman, is to be very illiterate, a living Statue that talks, yet says nothing; Important to himself, and useless to all the World beside.

Lucia. You are a Stranger, *Tremilia*, to the Character of a Gentleman; 'tis vulgar to concern one's self with the Management of the World, Men of Estates shou'd only consult their Pleasures,

Pleasures, and enjoy the Fruits of meaner Labours, and so far a fine Gentleman agrees with a fine Statue; to adorn the World as that does the Garden.

Quibble. Your Ladyship has the true Idea of a Gentleman.

Lucia. Besides, Learning is a force upon Nature; and a Gentleman's Understanding is too keen to be oppos'd; the least Opposition wou'd turn the edge of it. Oh, here's Mr. *Wilson*---- I am told, Mr. *Quibble*, you are his Rival; the only way to oblige me, is by your Parts; lets see how prettily you can banter him.

Quibble. But if he shou'd be desperate, Madam?

Lucia. That's only upon a Fit of Jealousie. This Place is too publick to give him any such Occasion.

Quibble. *Pun*, you must assist me with your Wit.

[*Aside to Pun.*]

Enter *Wilson*, and *Railton*.

Lucia. Conquering, Mr. *Wilson*—If you give your self such violent Airs, Sir, you'll subdue all the Ladies.

Quibble. We must petition Mr. *Wilson*, Madam, to moderate 'em a little, for twou'd be unkind to engross all the Beauties to himself.

Pun. That's somewhat unreasonable, *Quibble*, for every Man loves to appear with the most Advantage, when he finds his Airs encourag'd; but the Misfortune is to branch forth to the utmost, and not be taken notice of.

Quibble. That indeed, *Pun*, is provoking, to dress, and study for great Airs, and yet have an indifferent Person run away with one's Mistress.

Pun. But what is worst of all, *Quibble*, is to be banter'd, and laugh'd at for ones Pains. But Mr. *Wilson* is a Pattern of Accomplishments; we must not pretend, *Quibble* to wye with him.

Quibble. Ha, ha, ha, *Pun* wou'd make one die, ha, ha, ha.

Pun. Lord, *Quibble*, how can you laugh so, ha, ha, ha. You see, Sir, we are merrily dispos'd, ha, ha, ha.

Wilson.

Wilson. This is beyond all Sufferance! Ye impudent brace of Coxcombs, [Kicks em.] get ye to your Masters, and copy Declarations, ye Scoundrels.

Pun. Pray, Sir, don't pretend to kick us, Sir.

Wilson. Why, what will you do, Sir.

Quibble. Why, Sir, we wear Swords, Sir, and----will arrest you for an Assault, and Battery, Sir.

[*Exeunt Quib. and Pun.*]

Lucia. I thought, Sir, you had too much Sense to be mov'd with any thing a Fool cou'd say.

Wilson. But a Man's Folly ought not to protect him from being kick'd for his Impudence, and I'm sorry, Madam, your Genius cou'd stoop so low, to be entertained with such Company.

Lucia. It's a sign, Sir, your Choler stoop'd very low, to be touch'd with such Satyr.

Railton. Pray, good People drop this Subject, I'm sure 'tis too low for a Controversy. What Diversion does the Park afford you, Ladies?

Tremilia. A goodly Appearance, Sir, People dress'd in all the Gayety of a Court-Ball, and like Cloths there perhaps not half paid for; and some will starve their Inside to adorn their Out.

Railton. You know, Madam, we mimick the French in every thing; and they'll pinch a whole Week for a Jubilee Sunday.

Tremilia. The Pride of the World is very unaccountable, that for a little superfluous Decking, will part with all the other Necessaries of Life.

Lucia. You are so Superstitious, *Tremilia*; if People become their Dress, I know not why they shou'd not allow themselves a little Ornament. Indeed to see a frightful Creature set out like my Lady Mayorells on *Easter-Munday*, is a wast of good Cloaths, and such do affect a Singularity of show. I have seen a fat City Lady tawdrily dress'd in the Year of her Shrievalty, elbow into the Box, as if she had a Prerogative of Place, because she claims

it in the City ; and wou'd rather pay a double Price, than not have the Front Seat.

Railton. Nay, some go to Church too only to be seen. I knew a Proctor's Wife of the Commons us'd to send her Footman every Sunday to keep her a Front-Seat in the Box at *Pauls*.

Wilson. I wonder, the Play-house is not divided here as the Theatre at *Rome* us'd to be, where every one sat according to his respective Quality, and not as he was able to pay. But all this Contention, this Dressing, and this Degrading amongst the Ladies, is only for love of the Men.

Lucia. To be admir'd by the Men, I grant you, Sir ; for from one another we only expect envy ; so on the contrary, you endeavour an approbation from the Ladies, yet still 'tis to please your selves.

Wilson. So 'tis in all Cases, Madam, even in Love it self ; for tho' a fair Lady raises our Passion, yet Love is a pleasing Satisfaction, that redounds to our selves. [Aside] I have a Mind *Railton* shou'd try *Tremilia*'s Virtue ; now is a good Opportunity. [To *Lucia*.] Shall we move into another Walk, Madam, and see what Figures that yeilds ?

Lucia. I don't much care if I do. I think we have perus'd, all the Fools in this. [Exeunt *Wilson* and *Lucia*.]

Railton. [Aside.] Ha ! left us ! This is a lucky Opportunity indeed ! Sure 'twas not *Wilson*'s doing ; he cou'd not have so much Good Nature to forward another Body's Amour, when his own's so backward. It must be *Lucia*'s. Perhaps *Tremilia* and she contriv'd it before. I'll encourage that Thought : There Honour prompts me as well as Love.

Tremilia. What, are Mr. *Wilson*, and *Lucia* fled ? Which way did they go, Mr. *Railton* ? lets follow 'em.

Railton. No, *Tremilia*, let them feed their Eyes with the false food of gazing, and trifle away their Time in Whimsies, we'll surfeit on more ravishing Delights. Lets retire into yonder Walk, 'tis duskish here, there the thicknes of the Trees has made it quite dark, and a Fit Receptable for Lovers.

[Pressing.]

Tremilia.

Tremilia. Not so fast, Mr. Railton, I'm for none of your Deeds of Darkness; my Actions are always visible to the Light, and need not blush to own the Day.

Railton. But Love, *Tremilia*, is the Prerogative of Night: Nature needs no Guide; That Solemnity requires obscurest Shades, no Light to expose the Blushes of the Nymph, nor Noise to interrupt the silent Bliss. Prithee no more, you know not what Happiness you resist. [Pressing.

Tremilia. You jest, Sir.

Railton. I must confess, *Tremilia*, Love is but a Jest; but I am very much in earnest about that Jest. Forbear this trifling; Coyness as ill becomes a Woman of Beauty, as Covetousness does a Man of Riches; nay, worse, for Riches may decrease by giving, but Love increases Beauty; 'tis want of that makes the fair Nymph grow pale, loses her Colour, and her youthful brightness, her Eyes look dim, and give a sickly Light like Lamps expiring for want of Oyl; but Love adds Lustre to the Cheeks: The Noble Juice feeds every vital Part, and the faint Nymph revives, beauteous like *Venus* or *Aurora*--- 'Tis what Nature craves.

Tremilia. Nay, if you carry the Jest too far, 'tis time to grow serious, I know your attempt of my Virtue is grounded upon my want of Fortune, but d'you think my Soul is not as great without those worldly Ornaments. Is it in Gold to purify our Principles? Those that are puff'd by that to virtuous Thoughts, are govern'd more by Pride than real Virtue; true Virtue appears brightest when alone, like a Gloe-worm that only shines by Night.

Railton. But Virtue, *Tremilia*, is a slender Fortune to recommend a Lady to a Husband--- Men are not quite so fotted to marry upon a Philosophical Portion, Gold may entice a Man, there's matter of Fact, and under those hopes a Woman of Fortune may keep her Virtue, but she that has none can have no such Expectations; and as for eternal Chastity in a Woman, 'tis beyond my belief.

Tremilia. Why so---Women of Consideration, even those that have Fortunes, reckon it the happiest State, those whom

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Heav'n has not so largely bless'd, must certainly remain unspot-
ted ; for a Woman of any Principles can find no real Content-
ment in vicious Love.

Railton. Bagatelle ! You have too much Sense to harbour
such Chimera's ; Virtue's an Impossibility, the most rigid halt
in the Performance, 'tis Air, Whimfy, a Jest, every Citizen's
Wife pretends to't. I'm impatient, and can hear no more ;
you argue against your Reason, and your Nature, you must
love, you were made to love, and your Speech falters when
you strive to oppose it. [Striving.

Tremilia. You cannot be so inhumane.

Railton. No, *Tremilia*, I'll be humane, convince you of
your Error ; those vain deluding Fancies, that under a false
Idea of Honor rack your Soul ; and give you substantial, ma-
terial Pleasure — I'm all Fire, all Flame, and can contain no
longer. [Striving to force her off.

Tremilia. Horror ! Distraction ! O all ye Powers, are there
none near ? Help, help.

Enter Freeman with his Sword drawn.

Freeman. Hold, Villain ! Ha — *Railton* and *Tremilia*.

[*Railton draws his Sword.*

Railton. Freeman ! Confusion ! Had it been any body else,
I'd soon have stopt his Power, rather than have lost the lucky
Minute. [Aside.

Freeman. Impious Wretch ! How cou'd you attempt so base
an Action !

Railton. Faith, *Will*, 'tis what you'd have done your self
upon so happy an Opportunity. To be left alone with a fair
Lady, and carry it coldly, is scandalous to a Man of Spirit.

Freeman. But a Rape is the worst of Scandals. To endea-
vour to force a Ladies Virtue, is impious to the last Degree.
Love is never sweet, but when reciprocal ; a forc'd Enjoy-
ment can afford no Satisfaction, and is more Brutality than
Love. Madam, how came you to trust your self singly with
him ? You had a better Opinion of his Honor it seems than
he deserv'd. [Tremilia.

Tremilia. I never imagin'd his Principles so base, Sir, tho' he has often jested after that manner ; yet his Company was not my Choice ; Mr. *Wilson* and *Lucia* left us unobserv'd, and he detain'd me by force.

Enter *Wilson* and *Lucia*.

Wilson. What's the matter, good People ?

Lucia. Ha ! Swords drawn, and *Tremilia* disorder'd.

Railton. Nothing, Madam, but a Lady had like to have been ravish'd, and call'd out a little lower than she wou'd have done, if she had thought any body cou'd have heard her.

Freeman. Monster !

Lucia. Sure, this was your Intention, Mr. *Wilson*, in drawing me away ; I thought they had followed us till we were out of sight.

Wilson. So did I, Madam, upon my Word, I had no other Design than Variety of Diversion.

Lucia. Cou'd I think you were accessory to any thing so dishonourable, 'twou'd very much lessen my Esteem.

Freeman. Madam, shall I beg leave to protect you, tho' tis impossible to have a sufficient Guard for so great a Charge of Virtue.

Virtue each Libertine's Pretence is grown,
The better to keep Vice from being known ;
But real Virtue is an Action shown.

[Exeunt.]

The End of the Fourth Act.

A C T.

A C T. V. Scene I.

Enter Freeman.

Free. **W**Hat strange Disorders has the Man that loves !
 What tedious , restless Hours! what jarring
 Thoughts !
 Hopes, Fears, Dispairs, Convulsions, Fevers, Agues,
 And all the Symptoms of a Distemper'd Mind ;
 Uneasie to himself, and tiresom to the World.
 What cou'd create this Passion ? Is it Beauty ?
 Hers mov'd not me.
 Tho' she has Beauty---Beauty's but a Fancy,
 And every Beauty hurts not every Breast.
 What is it then ? 'Tis Virtue. Oh, the Sound,
 Is lofty, God-like, and commands my Soul ;
 'Tis not a Face, a Shape, a Voice, an Air,
 Those fading Charms that wound an easie Breast,
 Virtue's a Dart that strikes an awful Love ;
 I stood at distance, saw the Force he us'd ;
 Heard all his Arguments, saw her Repulse,
 Her matchless Virtue, and seeing was enslav'd.
 Is there such Pow'r in Virtue then ? There is.
 I feel the God tormenting every part ;
 Yet still he has chose the noblest, worthiest Charm.

Enter Wilson.

Wilson. Will Freeman ! What, musing ? Thou hast been
 conning over some damn'd musty Authors now , that have
 teaz'd thy Brain with crabbed Notions. Prithee leave this
 dull Study, and be sociable.

Freeman. Oh, Ned, had I read more, and let my Eyes have
 wandred less, I had never seen the Object of my Disquiet.

Wilson.

Wilson. Why, thou art not in Love, sure?

Freeman. 'Tis too true, *Ned*.

Wilson. Ha, ha, ha : Nay then Women are Witches indeed, if Philosophical *Freeman*, that was Proof to all their Charms, is ensnar'd at last. Prithee what Miracle of the Sex is this lately dropt from the Clouds, with more Power than all the rest had before.

Freeman. There you are right : A Miracle of her Sex indeed ! She has a Power too strong to be withstood. A charm wou'd move an Adamantine Breast. Oh *Tremilia* ! [Sighing.

Wilson. *Tremilia* ! Thou art craz'd indeed. If this be the Effect of Books, Ignorance protect me. What's the meaning of this sudden Rapture ! *Tremilia* ! a Quaker ! One that has no Fortune. True, her Person's tolerable enough ; but you never express'd any Passion for her till now, nor was it reasonable you shou'd.

Freeman. Nor had any, till I saw her Virtue ! That gave the Wound. Beauty's the least prevailing Snare to me ; tho' her great Soul makes me admire her Person ; yet were she deform'd, Virtue, like the Sun, wou'd shine through every Cloud.

Wilson. But that's not the first Bait to catch a Lover ; it may secure one ; for without it a Woman wou'd be odious ; but were Virtue the only thing that's sought, we might as well admire the Old and Ugly.

Freeman. Your Opinion, *Ned*, is Erroneous ; that Virtue's not a Principle, but a Force ; there Vice wants not Inclination but Attack.

Wilson. Yours, *Will*, is more uncharitable : But your Bookish Virtuoso sort of People are generally very particular.

Enter Railton.

Prithee, *Jack*, joyn with me in Wonder : Here's *Will Freeman*, that has been Seven Years acquainted with a Lady, without having any Affection for her Person, is at last fallen in Love with her purely for her Virtue.

Railton.

Railton. That's a Sign of a distemper'd Appetite, indeed : 'Tis like a Woman with Child, that longs for a thing out of Season.

Freeman. Thou, I'm sure, art Virtue's greatest Enemy. A Brute, and my Blood curdles at thy sight. [Exit.]

Rail. Hey day, what's the matter now ?

Wilson. 'Twas your Attempt in the Park occasion'd both his Love to *Tremilia*, and his Distaste to you. I had like to have prejudic'd my self too by favouring it ; we'll get him to the Tavern, expel this Whimsy, and reconcile you : Wine's the only thing to drown Love and Anger.

Railton. Here's a Rout with a virtuous Jade ! Commend me to a pretty Whore. [Exit.]

Enter *Quibble*, and *Pun*.

Pun. D'sblood, *Quibble*, to be kick'd before the Ladies !

Quibble. Nay, and abus'd too. To bid us go home, and copy Declarations, for evey Body to know we were Lawyers Clerks--What shall we do *Pun* ?

Pun. Do ? Why, we'll send him a Challenge to provide his Second, and meet us to morrow morning at *Rosamond's-Pond*.

Quibble. But what if he shou'd, *Pun* ?

Pun. Why, we won't go, *Quibble*.

Quibble. But then we shall be call'd Cowards, *Pun*.

Pun. So we shall, *Quibble*, if we put it up.

Quibble. This it is now to have too much Wit ; if you had not been so violently witty, *Pun*, we had come off with more Honour.

Pun. Why, you know, *Quibble*, a Body can't help the Excess of one's Part. But I'll tell you what we'll do ; if he were a Gentleman, he'd have had more Breeding ; therefore we won't dishonour our Swords with him ; but, as Gentlemen do, give a Porter a Crown to thrash him.

Quibble. I think that's the best way ; for shou'd we be kill'd, *Pun*, you know 'twou'd mighty disturb the Ladies.

Pun. Hang

Pun. Hang him, a pitiful Rascal, he is not worth Gentle-
men's taking notice of. [Strutting, and offering to go out.

Enter Pert.

Pert. Oh! Gentlemen, my Lady's so enrag'd at the affront Mr. *Wilson* gave you, she resolves never to see him more; and to compleat her Fury, Mr. *Quibble*, says, she'll marry you presently.

Quibble. A Thousand Pound for the News; that's better than all, *Pun*, [Aside to *Pun*.] Indeed, Mrs. *Pert*, 'twas very rude; but I never value those things; 'tis a Credit to one's Wit to vex Folks, like a blazing Fire that scorches; but I was afraid *Pun* wou'd fly into a Passion; for Honour makes him so cholerick, and fighting might have frightened the Ladies: but where shall I meet her, Mrs. *Pert*?

Pert. D'you know ever a Parson hereabouts?

Quibble. Yes, yes, I have an Uncle, a Curate, hard by: *Pun, Pun*, run to my Uncle *Piscassock* quickly, and desire him to be at home.

Pert. I'll conduct you, then, Mr. *Quibble*, to the corner my Lady has appointed, and as soon as I have given her notice, she'll follow you out in a Mask.

Quibble. I'm ravish'd! This is beyond a Ball-night. Now for an Appearance. [Exeunt *Quibble* with *Pert*.]

Pun. I wou'dnt but ha'been kick'd for the World! Me-thinks I'm as glad as if 'twere long Vacation. The Ladies always resent the Injuries done to the Beaux, because they know it is not their Talent to fight. I can but laugh to think, how sheepish *Wilson* will look when he sees *Quibble* come leading her in with an Air. [Exit.]

Enter Freeman, and Tremilia.

Freeman. Oh! *Tremilia*, cou'd Speech sufficiently declare my Passion, I cou'd talk on for ever, but my Tongue's too feeble for so great a Task, my Thoughts too precipitously strive for

utterance, and confuse my Words, my Eyes, my Sighs, my Looks, every Motion, every Gesture, is a Language of my Love.

Tremilia. I ought not, Sir, to refuse you any thing, I have contracted a debt to great to pay, but shou'd I take advantage of your weakness, which at present has subdu'd your Reason, 'twou'd be the highest Ingratitude.

Freeman. Honour, Madam, is it's own Reward; Humanity requires no Recompence; yet take it as a debt, if 'twill conduce you but to harbour Love, and your generosity can allow so great returns.

Tremilia. What is there, Sir, in my poor Merit to move you? I want the Air, the Gayety, the Finery of the Age.

Freeman. Your Thoughts, *Tremilia*, are above those Trifles; 'tis only the vain, the empty, that dress; an outward Ornament is but to varnish a defective Mind, which to the Wise exposes Folly more, and their Endeavours serve but to delude those more ignorant than themselves.

Tremilia. Customs, and Modes, Sir, are observ'd even by some of Sense; and to slite all those Charms for one that's plain, and singular, wou'd lose your Character, and affront the World.

Freeman. The Wife, *Tremilia*, wou'd admire me for't; 'twou'd be the greatest Glory of my Choice, and even the Vainest seeing their fruitless Pains, wou'd leave their Pride, and follow your Example.

Tremilia. But the greatest obstacle is, I have no Fortune, a Family shou'd ne'er increase without increase of Riches, younger Children wou'd diminish the antient Stock without a Mother's Potion to provide: besides, Sir, consider the Reflections you will bring both upon your self, and me; Relations look with scorn upon an under Match, and tho' my circumstances are but mean, I have a Spirit cou'd not bear a Check.

Freeman. I have enough, use not such frivolous Excuses. If Gold happen to joyn with Love, 'tis well; if not, it ought not to hinder Lovers, when either hath a Competence for Nature: a Marriage wrought by Portion and Estate, is bartering, not Love.

Love. Oh! Rack my Soul no more with these Pretences; you must *Tremilia*, you shall be mine.

Tremilia. I cannot, Sir, Oh! think, debate the matter, Reason shou'd stifle an unequal Flame, few Marriages but one Day are repented, and when so many Causes interpose, 'tis too much rashness, the Hony Moon once past, you'll grow tir'd with the same dull Company, curse me, and hate your self.

Freeman. Oh, name it not.

Tremilia. My Temper is quite opposite to yours, I love a private, Solitary Life, Visiting and Acquaintance wou'd be a Hurricane to me.

Freeman. You are not Morose, *Tremilia*, you shall oblige my Humour, and I yours; we'll set the World a Pattern of good Nature, and show there are a Couple can agree. Come, defer my Heav'n no longer; shall I prevail?

Tremilia. I must confess, I do not hate you, Sir, somewhat of Love as well as Gratitude wou'd induce me; but rather than make you unhappy, I'd resist it.

Freeman. Oh, never. You are my only Peace, my lasting Happiness, disperse these blushing Fears, too much bashfulness is a Fault.

The modestest may own a Virtuous Love,
'Tis Honourable, and decreed Above.

{ Draws her off half yielding.

Enter *Wilson*, and *Lucia*.

Lucia. I'm grievously vext, Mr. *Wilson* about this Accident—To happen so unluckily—That we shou'd give him Room for his Villany—She cou'd not think I was privy to't.

Wilson. Never perplex your self, Madam, all will be well; the Intent indeed was barbarous, but *Freeman* rescu'd her Opportunely. Her Virtue has quite Love-struck him, he walks up and down in as much Doubt and Disorder as a young Poet, during the first Performance of his Play; talks nothing but

Sentences ; and, I suppose, the next thing you'll hear is, they are marry'd.

Lucia. But how will *Railton* blot out his Dishonour.

Wilson. He's not at all ashame'd, Madam, and wou'd Endeavour it a second time, upon the like Advantage, he thinks 'tis the Part of a Man to be very amorous, and that the Ladies will like him the better for't.

Lucia. Lascivious Brute !

Enter Railton, Justice Goose, and Miranda.

Railton. 'Twas unkind, Mr. Justice, to steal a Wedding with my Cozen.

J. Goose. Lovers, Mr. *Railton*, ought to slip no Occasion; I found the Lady somwhat inclining, and like a Man of Courage pusht it home.

Railton. You were always very mettlesome.

Lucia. *Miranda*, and the Justice marry'd ! I thought there was a Design in their seperating so much from the Company : But I never expected so sudden a Conclusion.

Miranda. I must confess, dear *Lucia*, 'twas somewhat too rash. A State for Life requir'd more Consideration ; but Mr. Justice took me at an Advantage, the ridiculous Fopperies of the Park render'd the Gallantries of Youth so nauseous, his Wisdom and Gravity were over-perswading.

Wilson. I wish you both all Satisfaction.

Railton. I hope, *Miranda*, you'll have a little more Discretion than some Wives, to tell your Husband every thing.

[*Aside to Miranda.*]

Miranda. That Caution, Mr. *Railton*, is needless, tho' a Woman has not Power to keep other Peoples Secrets, she has seldom so little Prudence to betray her own. But how shall I excuse my Fortune ?

[*Aside.*]

Railton. That, indeed, may cause some Scuffle; old Folks are sooner cheated of any thing than their Money ; but we'll put on the best Assurance.

Enter

Enter Freeman, and Tremilia.

Freeman. I'm transported ! *Ned Wilson, Madam Lucia, Miranda* and Mr. Justice too, all my Friends, congratulate my Happiness. This Noble Lady's pleas'd to call me Husband.

Wilson. We all rejoice at your good Fortune, *Will*, and have a Friendly Sympathy.

Miranda. This is as hasty a Match as ours.

[Aside.]

Lucia. You, *Tremilia*, have strovē to shun the World, and yet have found it's greatest Blessing, a good Husband and a Estate, without either a Fortune, or the insinuating Airs of our Sex ; yet cou'd your Felicity be greater, true Friends will never envy you.

Tremilia. I have always found you so Dear *Lucia*, and must beg your Pardon I have so long dissembl'd with you ; but now the Plot is ripe for a Discovery, and I'm to tell the World I'm no Quaker.

All. No Quaker.

Tremilia. My Father dy'd when I was very young, leaving me Heirels to a Thousand Pound a Year, and by his Will committed me to the Care of an Uncle, who had moral Principles, tho' of the Sect of Quakers ; my Youth made him force me to put on this Apparel, tho' I alter'd not my Speech, and my Compliance gain'd so much Affection, that he dying soon after without Children, added considerably to my Estate. Being now left to the open World, too young to govern my self, and having no Relations to assist me, I grew very thought-ful. Reading and Conversation taught me the Deceitfulness of Men, how many pretended Love meerly for a Portion, and that an Estate was often a greater means to ruine a Woman than make her happy. I resolv'd therefore to conceal my Fortune, and continue in this Habit, that I might give the World no occasion to talk or enquire after me, and either to live single, or not to marry till I found a Man, whose Addres-ses were out of pure Love ; such a Lover, if he had no E-state, might have been bless'd with mine ; and if I were so fortunate

fortunate to be thought worthy of a Man with an Estate, then a Discovery of mine, and an Alteration of my Habit, wou'd be a sufficient Return for his Affection.

Freeman. Immortal Goodness! Sure some Angel spoke! Distracting Extasie! A Trance of Joy! Ye Gods support my Raptures! Had Heav'n such a Wife in store for me.

Lucia. Tremilia an Heiress! No Quaker! Surprises! Dreams!

Tremilia. The Writings, Sir, all in my own Custody, will confirm the Truth of my Words.

Freeman. Unparalleld Excellence! Oh! let me kneel to adore thy Sacred Mind, thou more than Angel. [Kneels.]

Tremilia. That Posture, Sir, does not become a Husband.

Wilson. You are bless'd indeed, *Will*.

Just. Goose. I thought she was one of the wet sort of Quakers, they'll all change their Dresses in time. [Aside.]

Lucia. Dearest *Tremilia*, if my poor Worth may presume to claim our former Friendship, let it have now a stricter Tye than ever. I always valu'd you, but I must now pay Homage to your Goodness.

Tremilia. You confound me, *Lucia*, with Kindness.

Wilson. Those that admire Heav'n, Madam, must admire you; but tho' all may applaud your great Example, few will have so much Government and Denial to imitate it.

Miranda. [Aside] How conspicuous a thing is Virtue! what solid Satisfaction does it bring! what reverence has *Tremilia*? how like the Sun that darts unblemish'd Rays, she stands admir'd by the inferiour World! methinks when I look on her I loath my self for all my former Practices, yet 'tis not too late to repent, and if kind Heav'n but conceal my Crimes, I'll atone 'em with the strictest Life, strive to love even impotence it self, and make a more virtuous Wife than many that marry unspotted.

Railton. [Aside] I am confounded with my Shame [To *Tremilia.*] Madam, if one who has so highly offended might dare to appear with humblest Penitence, I'd confess my Guilt; you are too Heav'nly to want Charity; I shall always blush

blush for my Offence, and have a Veneration for the Sex, a purer Flame for your bright Character.

Tremilia. If I have been a means, Sir, to correct your Morals, I'm fully recompenc'd.

Railton. You are all Piety.

J. Goose. Then all is well, I'm glad methinks to see other People easy as well as my self.

Wilson. [To *Lucia*] Must I quite dispair then, Madam, pine away for Love, and be turn'd into a Flower.

Lucia. If it be a Junquill, Sir, I'll buy some of you to stick in my Bosom.

Freeman. You had better keep him alive, Madam.

Lucia. He'll discover no secret Riches, Sir, as you have done; 'tis the Fashion in this Age to publish the most.

Wilson. You have too great a Treasure, Madam, for me.

Lucia. They say, indeed, Marriages, like other Diseases, are catching; and I think, I do find my self a little infected.

[Giving her Hand.]

Wilson. A thousand Blessings for the Generous Gift.

Tremilia. 'Tis my turn now, *Lucia*, to congratulate you.

Freeman. It seems, Mr. Justice, you were before-hand with us; I thought we should have set the Family an Example; but we must give place to our Elders.

Just. Goose. Nothing of Age, Good Mr. *Freeman*, to new married People.

Railton. Justice, give me thy Hand; now thou'rt ally'd to us; a fruitful Family I assure you; and if you don't increase it, I'll have you enroll'd at *Guild-hall* amongst the Herd of Fumblers.

Just. Goose. Never doubt it, Mr. *Railton*; a young Wife, like a rich Cordial, revives one's Spirits; I begin to love youthful Airs, and youthful Sports--- Prithee let's have a Song and a Dance.

Wilson. With all our Hearts--- But hold, here's more Company.

Enter

Enter Quibble and Pert mask'd.

Quibble. Gentlemen and Ladies, here's the discreet Madam
Lucia desires to acknowledge her self my Wife.

Wilson. *Lucia!* What does the Fool mean?

All. Mrs. Pert!

[*Pert unmasks.*]

Quibble. O Lord! What have I marry'd her?

All. Ha, ha, ha. Give you Joy, Mrs. Pert.

Lucia. You have plaid a false Card, *Pert*; tho' we diverted our selves a little with his Folly, 'twas too hard to draw him into the Noose of Matrimony.

Pert. Women of my Profession, Madam, generally strive to prefer themselves; and 'tis more excusable now-a-days; for a Chamber-maid's Place is grown very dull, since old Cloaths are all chang'd away for *China*.

Quibble. I am quite ruin'd! I shall be hooted at through all the Offices, and be put into the *London Spy*.

Enter Pun.

Pun. Well, *Quibble*, I sent your Uncle.

Quibble. Ay, the Devil take you for't, *Pun*.

Pun. You are very Satirical, *Quibble*. What's the Matter?

[*Seeing her.*] O Lord! What has he marry'd a Chambermaid!

Quibble will have a world of Fortune to run away with.

[*Aside.*]

Quibble. This 'tis, *Pun*, to be govern'd by your Wit.

Pun. Why, indeed, *Quibble*, as you said, if I had had less Wit, you might have come off with more Honour.

Lucia. Come, come, Mr. *Quibble*, never be concern'd, 'tis to no purpose now; she'll make you an excellent Wife, will rise betimes in a Morning, and get you your Breakfast before you go to *Westminster*; besides, she'll be very helpful to Mr. *Pun* and you in your Poetry; if you happen to write a Play, she has a very good Genius at a Song, or a Couplet at the end of an Act.

Pert.

Pert. I'll strive to oblige him, Madam, since he has been so kind to have me.

Quibble. I have you! The name I marry'd was *Lucia*, your's is *Abigal*; come along, *Pun*, I'll petition the Court, and be reliev'd presently.

[*Exeunt Quibble and Pun.*]

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Railton. This it is, when Fools run a Fortune-hunting.

Freeman. Now for the Musick.

An Entertainment.

[*They sit.*]

[*That over, they rise, and come forward.*]

Tremilia. I have been so us'd, Mr. Freeman, to this plain Garb, I fancy I shall appear so awkward otherwise, you'll be ashamed of me; I must intreat *Lucia* to instruct me in her modish Airs.

Lucia. You have a natural Gentility, too refin'd to want Instruction.

Tremilia. I'll endeavour to be decent, that I may'nt disgrace you, Sir, but you must excuse me, if I am not the greatest Beauefs of the Age.

Freeman. Use your own Discretion, my Dear; I shall admire you any way, Who wou'd not marry upon my Success, tho' marriage is but a Lottery, and thousands have a Trifle to one that gets the biggest Prize? such Wives, like large Jewels, are scarce, and valuable.

Something to please us in most Nymphs we find,
But two such Charms in one are seldom joyn'd,
A beauteous Person, and a beauteous Mind.

F I N I S.

EPilogue.

Quibble and Pun.

Pun. *Since a few Men of Figure sway the Town,
And we are so considerable grown,
The Poet thought it the secur'est way,
To court us two, to vindicate the Play.*

Quibble. *The Man's a Judge, for he must needs succeed,
Who chuses the best Orators to plead.*

Pun. *Therefore lets muster our whole Stock of Wit;
You shall address the Quibbles in the Pit,
I'll study for some pleasant Strains, and try
To win the merry Puns i'th' Gallery:
That done, we'll to the Boxes show our Parts,
And jointly captivate the Ladies Hearts.*

Quibble. *Nicely cut out----But we must have a Care,
Not to display too violent an Air;
For tho' we'd have some Ladies Victims fall,
It might be dangerous to conquer all.*

Pun. *That's a vain Thought----I fear we shall get none;
Those killing Side-box Wiggs won't leave us one.*

Quibble. *But to the Pit----This Play will never do,
We Quibbles have such curious Palates now.
Once Dryden, Otway, Fletcher, pleas'd the Town;
Now nothing but The Monkey will go down:
If such great Bards, unerring, fail Success,
Our beardless Author can expect no less;
Yet hopes 'twill pass, like other trifling Plays,
Since Fancy sometimes more than Judgment sways.*

Pun. *The Puns, the Lawyers, Clerks, and swarming Tribes,
Of Proctors, Filazers, and Chanc'ry Scribes,
Who like us two, haunt Wells, and Dancing-Schools,
And such Diversion have, to laugh at Fools;
Undoubtedly the Poet gains their Hearts,
When purely to please them he wrote our Parts.*

The

The nicer Puns---The Prentices I mean,
Who when Shop's shut are dish'd out mighty clean,
And at the two last Acts come peeping in;
Sure never were such upstart Beaux i'th' Nation,
As since Citts Dress, and short Puffs came in Fashion;
They must be pleas'd, for 'tis too low a Price,
To think to damn a Poet for a Sice,

Both. The Ladies-----

Tremilia. Stand by ye Fools---That noble Theam's my share,
Farce is a Strain too low to court the Fair;
When to that pitch your Thoughts attempt to fly,
Like unskill'd Icarus you soar too high;
We beg the Favours by the fair Sex giv'n,
With solemn awe as we petition Heav'n.
To please them was the Poet's greatest Care,
He thinks in this Play, nothing can appear,
Rude, or obscene to grate the nicest Ear.
My Character, he hopes, will chiefly move;
The greatness of my Mind, you must approve,
Tho' few this airy Age the Dress may love;
And since the Poet wou'd good Manners show,
He has made me conformable to you;
In short---A Word's the Moral of the Play,
Appearance does not always get the Day;
Fine Airs, and Graces may some Conquests gain,
Yet still without 'em we shou'd not complain,
Since they are Trifles, which the Wise disd' an.
Love is not always in the Pow'r of Dress,
Tho' we want Fortune, or the finest Face,
And all those fading Charms our Sex surround,
Where Virtue shines, a Lover may be found.



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